

# The Sketch

No. 684.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

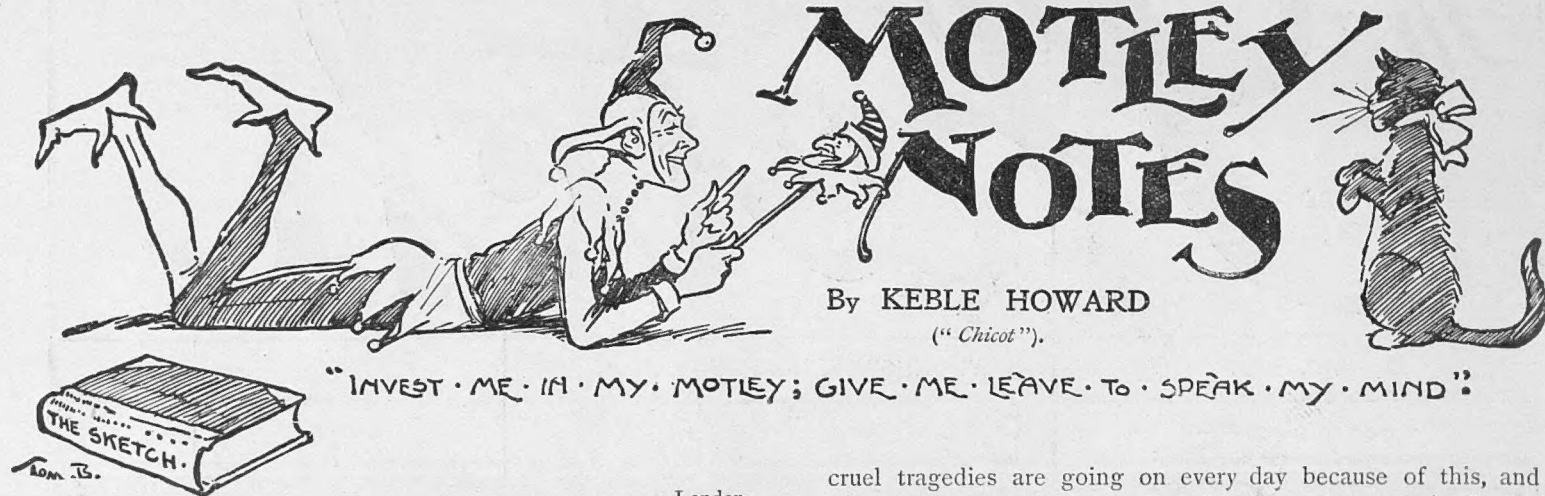


MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS PAN IN "PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD," MR. MAURICE HEWLETT'S PASTORAL PLAY, AT THE COURT.

PAN: I am Pan, haunter of these wilds. All breathing things confess me, save only men. These in their foolishness have said, "Tush! Pan is dead."

*Photograph taken specially for "The Sketch" by Bassano.*





London.

TWO weeks ago, you may remember, I set before my readers (with apologies to *Vanity Fair*) a "Hard Case." It was this:

"A is a reviewer of novels. A's wife is a novelist. B is a novelist. A's wife writes a novel. A year or two later, B, who has not read the book by A's wife, writes a novel. In B's novel there is an incident which, it seems, is vaguely reminiscent of an incident in the novel by A's wife. A writes a slating review of B's book, and practically accuses the poor young man of plagiarism. What should B do?" I stipulated that the answer should be in six words or less, and offered to forward a copy of B's novel to the winner. The number of competitors was not so large as in the case of my previous "informal competitions"; but this did not surprise me. One reader, who must have been driven well-nigh frantic, merely wrote, "What *can* B do?" Nobody, to tell the truth, really solved the problem, and I doubt whether it permits of solution. Still, a prize must be awarded, and I have selected, therefore, the answer sent in by Mr. J. Heap, Knill Court, Kington, Herefordshire, who advises B to "Let sleeping dogs lie." A copy of B's book has already been forwarded to the winner.

Some of the other replies may be interesting. One competitor referred me to Ecclesiastes i. 9, where I found this admirable reply, which would certainly have won the prize, I think, had it not exceeded the word-limit: "That which hath been is that which shall be: and that which hath been done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." The majority of answers told B to "ignore the creature," and one reader added—"Criticism helps good work." This, if I may say so, is merely a half truth. Honest and intelligent criticism, whether favourable or the reverse, undoubtedly helps good work; but dishonest and malicious criticism has exactly the opposite effect, especially in the case of a young writer. It is inclined to make him contemptuous of the whole profession of letters; and if a man once learns to despise his craft he is not likely to put his heart and brain and soul into it. For that reason the dishonest critic is pestiferous, and should be flogged out of the society of decent people. The worst of it is that authors find it less trouble, and perhaps better business, to conciliate a person of this kind; and the dishonest critic grows sleek, therefore, on the flesh of the tender. "Claudius Clear" has a very fine, wise, gentle article on this subject in the current number of the *British Weekly*. "When the old critic makes a habit of slating," he says, "it is a sign that he has indeed failed. When one comes to know the hearts of authors he discovers that the contemptuous words he wrote carelessly and forgot immediately have hit as straight and true as a blow planted between the eyes."

The writer of this article also goes into the question of journalism as a profession for women. I have never seen the subject handled so convincingly, and yet in a style so deliberate and restrained. Success in journalism, he says, is very largely a matter of physical capacity, and the many women who fail do so because they have not the strength to face the work of men. I will quote another little passage in the hope of inducing the thousands of girls who think of Fleet Street as a Tom Tiddler's ground to read this article by "Claudius Clear." He writes: "There is nothing that depresses more permanently and seriously than this, nothing which so much takes the zest out of life, nothing which so effectually changes death into a welcome anodyne." And of journalism generally he says: "The palmy days when an appointment to a paper meant an engagement for the working years, and a pension for the rest of life, are over, never to return. The journalist now holds his position as he might hold a challenge cup. . . . It is no use concealing the fact that

cruel tragedies are going on every day because of this, and go on sometimes under a show of confidence and prosperity." Any Fleet Street man will tell the same story. The odd thing is that nearly everybody outside the profession refuses to believe it.

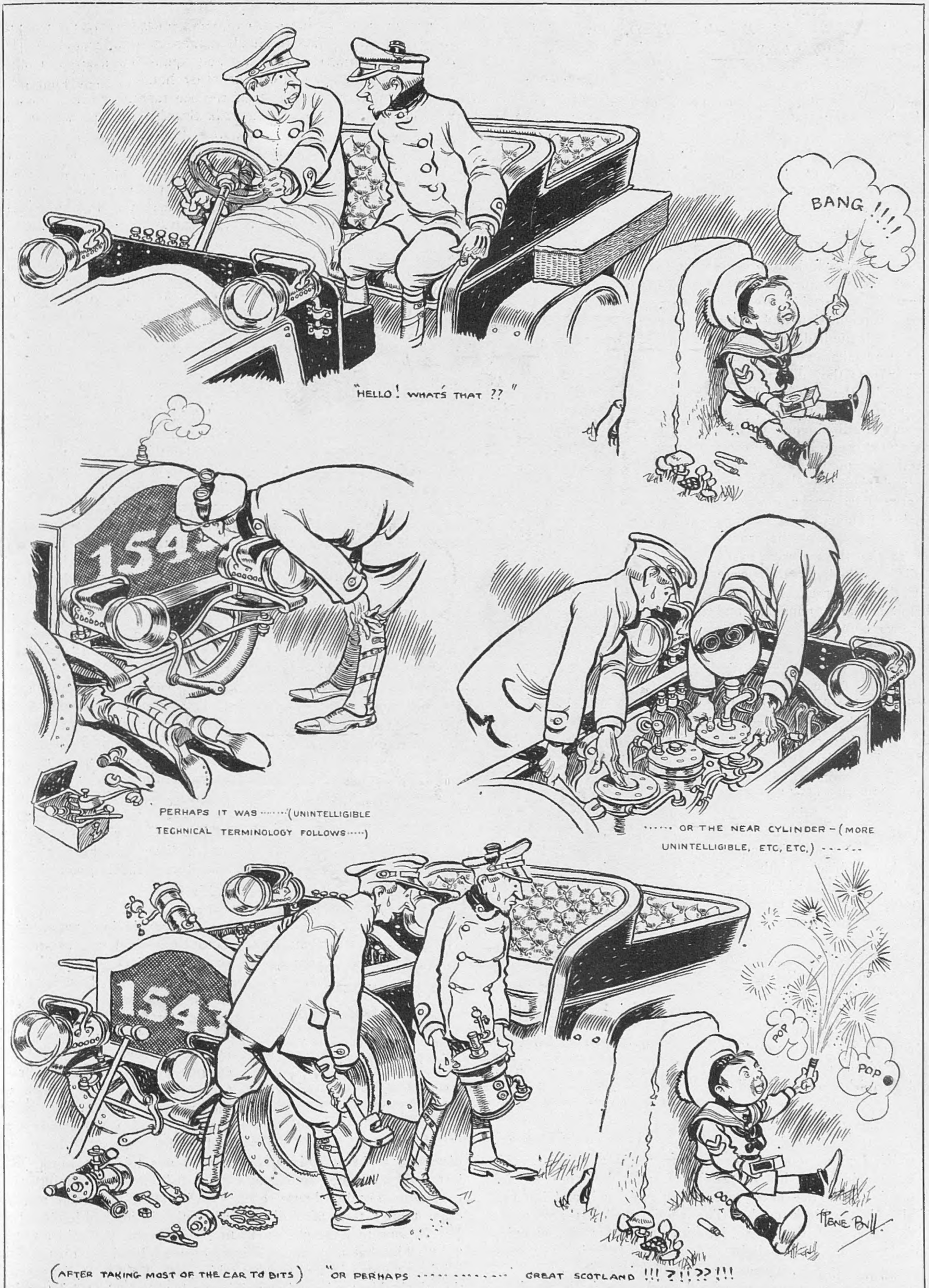
I see that, in spite of my remarks last week, Dr. Reich, the Mayfair Plato, has been at it again. There was a real Prince in the audience this time, and that encouraged the lecturer to be even more profound than before. "We shall understand man," he told the breathless Duchesses, "but we shall never understand plants. You may understand Napoleon, but you are helpless before the humble violet. You will never understand it." You see the subtlety of the idea, don't you? The Doctor, of course, is the humble violet whom nobody will ever understand. That is why he is so tremendously popular. Once convince people that they will never understand what you are talking about and they will listen, open-mouthed, all day and half the night. There is nothing remarkable about that. It is merely early training asserting itself. We were all brought up on nonsensical babble, such as "Cootchy-cootchy coo!" and that sort of thing. At first we resented it—you forget the resentment now; but if you observe a very young baby you will notice that it cries when the nurse babbles nonsense—then we became used to it, finally we refused to be quiet without it. Henceforth, I imagine, the Duchesses will refuse to be quiet without Dr. Reich. They will want to be told, at least once a week, that they are helpless before the humble violet. Picture, I beg of you, a Duchess reduced to a state of helplessness owing to an accidental collision with a violet!

The applause having subsided, the Doctor very wisely handed round light refreshment. Not drink and food, you know: even a Duchess cannot jump from violets to beef sandwiches. No. The Doctor refreshed his audience—which was almost entirely composed, of course, of women—with a little flattery. He told them that because they had smaller brain-mass than men, it did not in the least follow that they were less intellectual. (Terrific applause, I imagine.) "I smile the quiet Socratic smile," he said, "when I hear men declare that women have not equal intelligence to men." (Loud and prolonged applause, I swear.) A little later the Doctor made a joke. It was a joke so brilliant that the audience, not content with a quiet Socratic smile, were simply convulsed. One Duchess, I hear, laughed so much that she had to be patted on the back and to drink some cold water out of the wrong side of the glass, holding her breath and counting fifty while she did it. Here is this epoch-making joke. Somebody asked whether doctors could eliminate disease. Dr. Reich replied, "They [the doctors] might well be eliminated. The majority of doctors don't take the slightest trouble to learn what's the matter with you." Perhaps they are all engaged in trying to understand the humble violet.

Some people, however enterprising they may be, never seem to get any encouragement. Take the case of the young Nottinghamshire miner. It so happened that he saw a lady and gentleman enter a railway compartment together at Ilkeston Station. What did the miner do? He got into the next compartment, waited until the train was in motion, and then, at great personal risk, stepped on to the footboard and looked in at his neighbours. Any thanks? Not a bit of it. The lady, as soon as she saw his face, screamed. That, to begin with, was not very polite. The young miner thereupon lost his hold and fell, with a plomp, on to the rails. The rails were so hard that he fractured his shoulder and broke his arm in five places. Any sympathy? Not a scrap. The railway company summoned him for infringing the regulations, and he was fined four pounds. If he didn't care to pay the four pounds, he could spend a month in prison. I ask you, is enterprise in this country ever really encouraged?



FIREWORKS!



A STORY WITHOUT PUBLISHABLE WORDS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*A Curious Carnival Ball at Boulogne—The Masked Lady in the Lane—The King at Biarritz—The Story of an Hotel—Sulphur Draughts on St. John's Eve—Lord Curzon, Mr. Balfour, and an Improbable "Incident."*

I FEEL qualified to pose as an authority on carnival dances, for not only did I go to every form of ball at Nice, Veglione, Redoute, a Bal Paré at the Petit Casino, and the Bal Populaire, where the maskers dance on the cobble-stones of the Place Masséna, but I attended the great charity ball at Monte Carlo, and, to finish up with, spent an evening at the Shrove Tuesday ball at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and this ball was the strangest of them all.

It was held in the theatre, that rather dingy building which stands some little way back from the main street, and between the theatre doors and the big café in the wide street all the maritime population and all the loafers of Boulogne had congregated to see the revellers go backwards and forwards, as they did all night long. Inside the theatre was a curious mixture of people. The aristocracy of Boulogne, masked and dominoed, were in the boxes; and on the temporary floor, where trestles and planks took the place of pit and stalls, was a crowd of merry-makers in fancy dress, amongst whom the actresses of the troupe playing at the theatre were easily to be distinguished, for they were amusing themselves as Parisiennes do, laughing and dancing and chaffing everybody.

In absolute contrast were the people of the fishing town, who had paid their five francs for each double ticket like everybody else, and who had come to enjoy themselves in their own serious manner. The women all wore those beautiful white, wide, frilled caps which are the pride of every Boulogne fisher-girl; and the men, fine bronzed fellows, were in Sunday garb of heavy black cloth and wore yachting caps which they never took off. They talked to nobody except their own people, and were seemingly unconscious of the stir all about them. They stolidly danced each dance, and their conversation during the dance seemed to be nil. We British are accused of taking our pleasures sadly, but we are gay, prattling, butterfly people in comparison with the Boulogne fisherfolk at a ball.

Perhaps the quaintest sight I saw during the Carnival was a couple walking along one of the country roads at Cimiez. He was a little soldier in his best uniform, and she wore a pink flannel domino with the hood pulled over her head, and her face was hidden by a black mask. The soldier had his arm round the lady's waist, and they were loitering as lovers do, creeping along the road in the sunlight. A masked lady in a country lane seemed very incongruous. Equally startling was the appearance of the washerwoman who brought me back my linen on the day I left Nice. There was a rap at my door, and, on my saying "Come in," a circus clown in pink-and-white divided

garment and with a white wig with two points on her head appeared bearing a basket. She apologised, saying that she was just off to the Place Masséna, and in passing had brought up my linen.

The big hotel at Biarritz where King Edward is staying has history attached to it. It was originally a present from Napoleon III. to the Empress Eugénie, and it stood quite by itself, a handsome building of red and white, with no other house of any kind near it. When the Empress used to spend the late months of the summer at Biarritz, the little settlement near the Spanish frontier was the most aristocratic and the gayest watering-place in France. After the "terrible year" the red-and-white palace became an hotel, and villas were built on what used to be the pleasure-ground. Fire put an end to the existence of that hotel. The big building caught light, and though it burned very slowly, and though everybody in it had time to remove all their goods and their valuables, the fire-engine of the town was quite unable to cope with the conflagration. For a year or so the walls of the hotel stood as a big shell, and then the house was rebuilt and enlarged, and is now a very splendid modern caravansera.

There are mineral springs and a bathing establishment a little way inland from Biarritz, and it may well be that the nearness of the saline baths and the massage establishment, which will be of use in accelerating the cure of the King's hurt ankle, had something to do with the choice of Biarritz as a temporary royal residence. The saline water for the baths is brought by a tunnel from no less than eleven miles away. Biarritz has many healing-places in its neighbourhood, one—Cambo-les-Bains, on the Nive—being locally well known for its sulphur and iron springs. It is at Cambo that the Basques, who have many strange customs, assemble at midnight on St. John's Eve, and each man and each woman drinks as much of the water of the springs as he or she can while the clock is striking twelve. This sulphurous draught they believe will keep them well and bring them good luck for a year.

The concluding paragraphs in Lord Curzon's letter to the *Times* on the subject of Indian Army control, in which the writer alludes to his resignation, and uses such strong terms about the methods which brought it about, as "there has never been a less creditable episode in political history," recalls to my mind a story which went the rounds of the clubs and the drawing-rooms some months ago, and which, when I heard it, I

dismissed as being quite impossible. I was told that Lord Curzon, just returned from India, and Mr. Balfour were dining at an hospitable London house, each knowing that he would meet the other there; that after dinner, when the ladies had left the room, Mr. Balfour took the chair next to Lord Curzon and said a word or two to him, but that the ex-Viceroy turned his back on the Prime Minister and would not speak to him. As I say, I believed at the time the incident to be an impossible one, but Lord Curzon's letter shows that his feeling towards the late Government is very bitter, and it may be that there is some truth in the story.



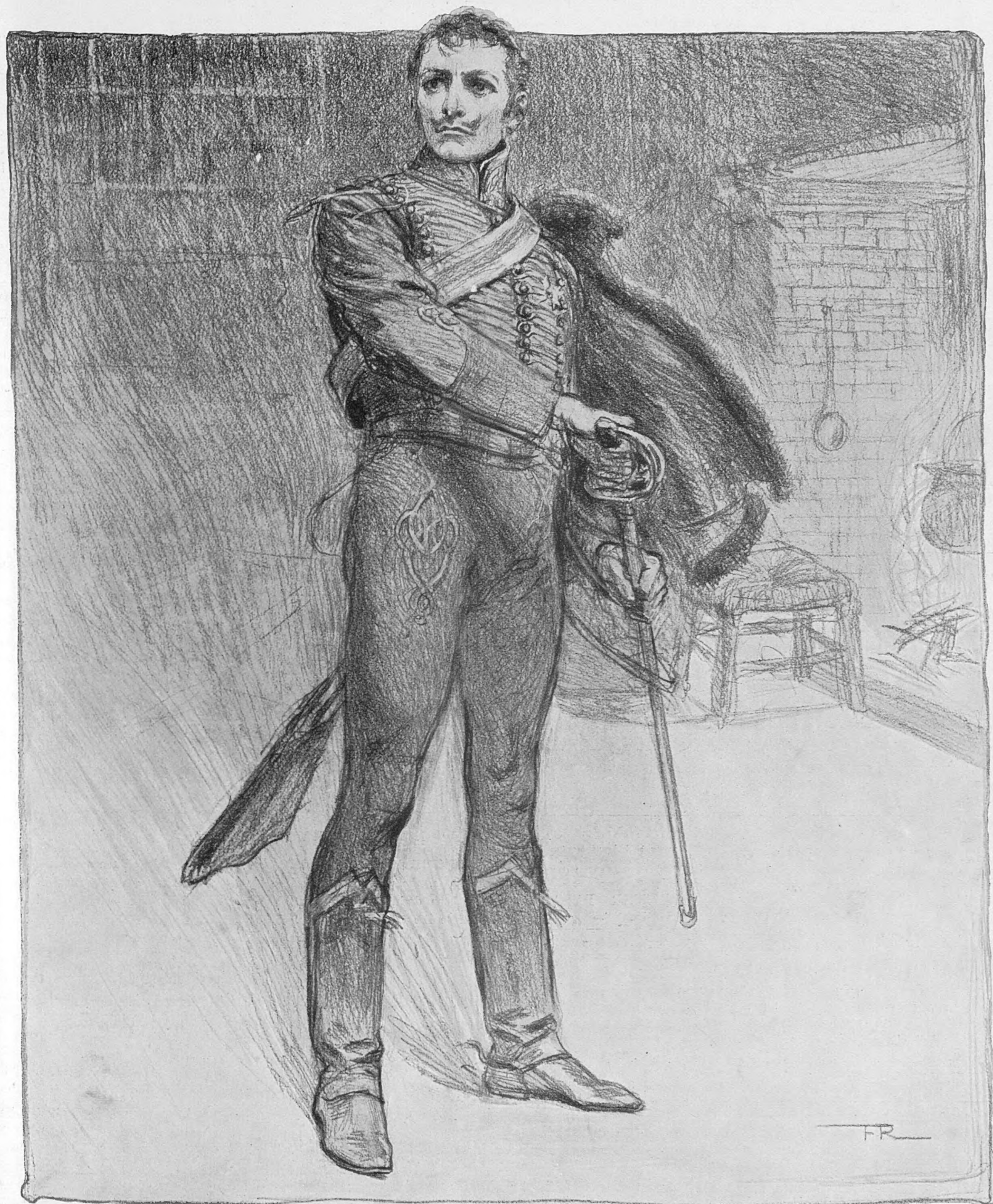
THE QUEEN PRESENTS A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF AND HER JAPANESE DOG TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: THE PHOTOGRAPH FROM WHICH THE MINIATURE WAS PAINTED.

The Garter Mission to Japan carried with it a personal present from Queen Alexandra to the Mikado in the form of a miniature of her Majesty with her favourite Japanese dog, Togo, a present to her from the Emperor of Japan. The frame of the miniature is not that here shown, but is described as a long, panel-shaped one, made of dull gold with burnished gold ornamentation, and having a gold-and-jewelled crown with a diamond-and-ruby chain carrying the King's monogram set in precious stones. It was specially prepared for the Queen, and was her own idea and design.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



"BRIGADIER GERARD," AT THE IMPERIAL.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS CAPTAIN GERARD IN ACT I.—A FRENCH FARMHOUSE  
(MESS-ROOM OF THE HUSSARS).

"At the date of the play," says a note in the programme of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's romantic comedy, "Brigadier Gerard," which was produced at the Imperial Theatre on Saturday evening last, "Napoleon, after his gallant winter campaign of 1814, found himself at Fontainebleau with the scanty remains of his army. Paris was already occupied by the Allies, and Talleyrand, having turned against his old master, was busy forming a provisional government. Among the archives at Paris were many papers which it was necessary for Napoleon to recover, and among the brave men who surrounded him he had no difficulty in finding an agent." It need scarcely be remarked that this agent is the redoubtable Gerard, boaster and brave man, and that after much adventure, much misunderstanding, he achieves his ends, saves the papers for his Emperor, and marries the lady of his heart.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

SO the Haymarket is not to see the production of Mr. Barrie's new play, after all. A fresh decision has been arrived at, with the result that the popular playwright's "next" will be presented at the Comedy by Mr. Charles Frohman. Had it been given at the former theatre, Mr. Frohman would have been financially interested in it, but it is an error to suppose that he would have been associated with the actual management of the playhouse. That remains in Mr. Frederick Harrison's hands alone.

The dictum, "the Queen of Spain has no legs," dates from the time of Philip II., and merely emphasises the fact that it is not etiquette for the Queen of Spain to show even the points of her toes under her dress. The son of Charles V. was about to marry an Archduchess, and as a wedding present one of the Spanish towns sent her a magnificent pair of stockings, but the Court Chamberlain, into whose hands they came, threw them at the Envoys with the immortal phrase, "The Queen of Spain has no legs." The bride, who heard it, took the remark literally, and declared that she would sooner die than submit to have her legs cut off. Philip, when he was told of it, actually smiled, and this was the nearest approach the gloomy fanatic ever made to a laugh in his life.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**D**URING his present stay on the Continent, the King will see a district of fair France hitherto unfamiliar to him. Of peculiar interest also is his Majesty's forthcoming visit to Spain. The marriage of Princess Ena of Battenberg to Alfonso XIII. will mean the coming and going of many royal personages in Madrid, and it is said that all the final arrangements connected with the royal wedding will be settled

during King Edward's stay at Biarritz. It is pleasing to learn on the highest authority that our Sovereign is in the enjoyment of exceptionally good health, and that his present sojourn on the Continent can scarcely be regarded in the light of a holiday, although it is said that after his visit to Madrid the King may make a brief voyage along the Mediterranean coast.

### *The Grand Master of English Freemasons.*

The Duke of Connaught was yesterday (March 6) elected Grand Master of Mark Masons, and today (March 7) he will be elected Grand Master of English Freemasons. Ever since the King's accession his Majesty's brother has been annually re-elected to these offices, which the erstwhile Prince of Wales held. The King, as is well known, became "Protector of English Freemasons" and "Patron of Freemasons of the Mark Degree" on his accession. For some thirty years before that his Majesty had been Patron of the Order in Scotland and in Ireland. It is curious to note that various opinions about Masonry seem to be held in the Royal Family. The Duke of Connaught has always been as much absorbed in it as the King, but the late Duke of Edinburgh and the present Prince of Wales never cared about it. Similarly, Prince Albert, the King's father, refused to be initiated, but Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, and her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, took so much interest in it that they succeeded in healing the great schism between the "Ancients" and "Moderns" which had rent Masonry in twain. It is often asserted that the King was initiated in Sweden by King Oscar, but his Majesty has himself declared that the ceremony took place in London.

### *The Claim to Lord Bathurst's Title.*

Time was when to have challenged an Earl's right to his title and estates would have involved personal conflict with that Earl and his retainers, or a stirrup-cup with a dash of poison in it. Nowadays we are more prosaic; for romanticism we turn to Mr. Maurice Hewlett and his kin; the law-courts are our lists, the damages involved merely monetary. Thus, it is not in the least likely that the fact that a young postal clerk of Pueblo, Colorado, has thrown down the modern equivalent of the gauntlet to Lord Bathurst will lead to anything more deadly than a display of forensic

fireworks. The claimant, whose name is Dwight Lawrence Bathurst, bases his case upon the statement that a son of the first Earl, who is supposed to have died in infancy, really migrated to America, there to found a branch of the Bathurst family that is senior to the branch of which the present Earl is the head. For the rest, he is five-and-twenty, married, and the father of a son. The noble Lord whose position is assailed succeeded his father some fourteen years ago, and married the only daughter of Lord Glenesk, well known as the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. His son, Lord Apsley, is eleven.



### *La Merelli Weeps and Wins.*

That most picturesque young person La Merelli is abroad again. "I have received not one, but many offers from music-hall managers," she said. Her fortune is made.

Paris dearly loves a notoriety of that sort. A café proprietor who, years ago, offered a woman accused of murder a position as cashier, made a lot of money. And Madame Merelli certainly arranged it very nicely in court. She wept frequently, and very artistically, into a beautiful little embroidered handkerchief, and

she had hysterics just at the right place. No detail was wanting. She was exquisitely gloved in white, which showed her long, slender hands to perfection. Her hair was coiffed with the supreme art of the coiffeur, and lay in dark lustrous coils low upon her neck. Her features had assumed almost a patrician appearance, and her complexion had visibly improved as the result of six months' plain diet in prison. When she spoke of her Brazilian experiences she was most interesting. "Yes," she said, "I need not have stayed in prison at all. The cousin of the President came to me, and—well, you know, I might have left in the most pleasant conditions." There is a difference, of course, in latitude, as the Judge remarked; but even in Paris they are impressionable where a woman is concerned. No jury would be hard-hearted enough to convict La Merelli.

### AN EARL WHOSE TITLE IS CLAIMED BY A POSTAL CLERK: EARL BATHURST.

Lord Bathurst's earldom is the latest title to be claimed by someone from abroad. The rank and possessions of the noble Lord are sought by Mr. Dwight Lawrence Bathurst, a postal clerk at Pueblo, Colorado, who claims to trace his ancestry back to the Bathursts of the American revolutionary days.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



GALLAY'S TRAVELLING COMPANION: LA MERELLI ON TRIAL.

La Merelli's appearance in court is said to have been a triumph of artistry, and she was acquitted of any complicity in Gallay's guilt. She has received numerous offers from managers of music-halls, notably the Scala. At present, however, she is resting and finishing her book on the mysteries of India. It is also likely that she will write the story of her life in the prisons at Bahia and Paris. It is reported that her husband is seeking to divorce her.

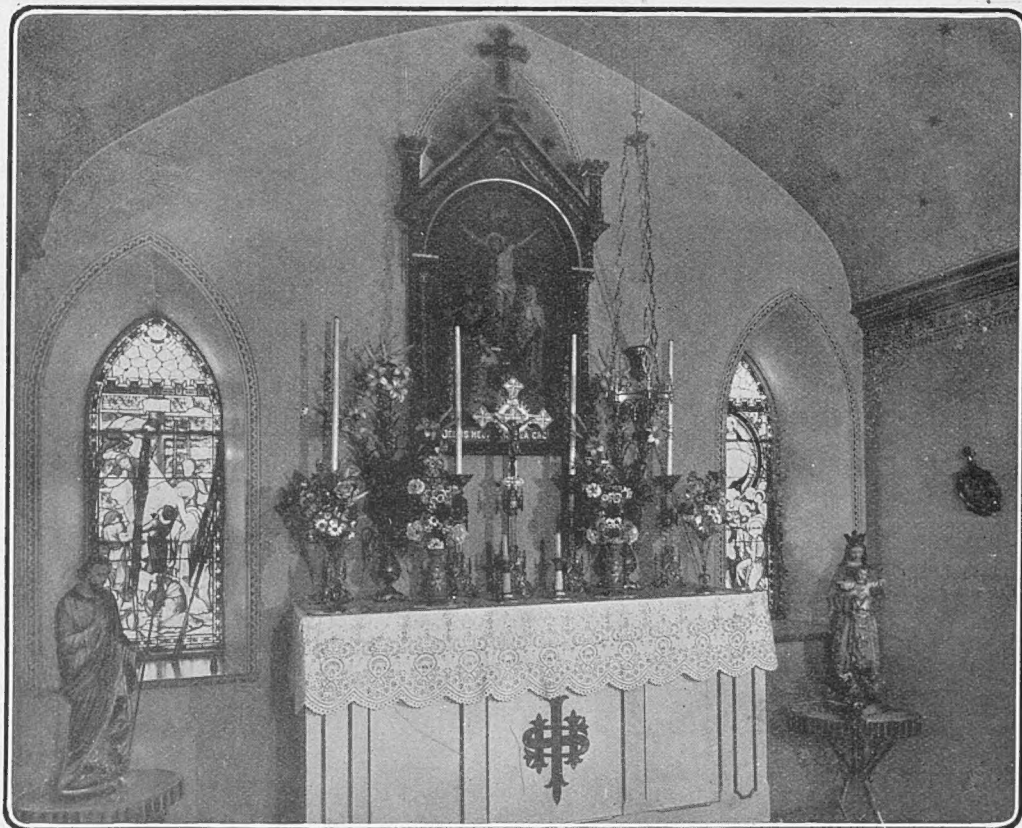
*Photograph by M. B. Citroën, Paris.*



### A Diva's Fairy Castle.

Craig-y-Nos, the fairy castle overlooking Swansea Bay, where Patti has made her home for so many happy years, takes its name, "The Rock of the Night," from the height at whose foot it snugly nestles. The diva has spent a fortune upon it since she purchased it from the Powells.

the strips of goat-skin with which, on the authority of Ovid, priests of Arcady beat the passers-by as a polite reminder that they must repent of their wintry unfaithfulness now that the spring had come. It was the Arcadian goat-herds, indeed, who first invented carnival. Even to-day the festival is largely connected with the goat; but he is not sacrificed; he is allowed to run about.



CHURCH AND STAGE IN MME. PATTI'S WELSH HOME: THE CHAPEL AT CRAIG-Y-NOS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

Set in a scene of romantic beauty, Craig-y-Nos has become a perfect blend of country home and princely mansion. Without are barren, rolling hills for background; in the nearer distance are the soft-turfed terraces, expansive lawns, gravelled walks, green-houses in which exotic fruits and flowers flourish. The Castle itself is a miracle of luxury and comfort. It has its perfect little chapel, with a peal of bells which mimics the chimes of Westminster to tell the guests how the hours are fleeting. There are a couple of billiard-rooms where the ladies are expected to beat the gentlemen. And there is the most perfect little theatre in the world. It was built by Patti for the entertainment of her private guests, but now and again she will extend her invitation to her neighbours, and rich and poor may hear her wonderful voice, or watch her eloquent gestures in the wordless plays which she loves to give. Everywhere are gas and electric lighting, both from plant upon the premises. These serve until midnight, when "lights out" is the order; and after that the candle may flicker. Lights out at midnight and punctual attendance at meals—those are the only rules which the fairy of the Castle imposes. For the rest, guests are free to do as they please. None can be dull at the Rock of the Night.

### Mardi Gras in Paris.

For a wonder, Mardi Gras was comparatively fine in Paris; generally it is wet. It would seem as if the rain had declared war on the confetti, as if it were jealous of its success. When the little green, red, blue, and yellow spots of paper fall the colourless spots of heaven fall likewise. The result is the most awful paste upon the pavement. One walks in coloured mud. There is but a single advantage: the confetti can hardly be gathered from the ground and re-flung at the public, such as happens when road and pavement are dry. This restriction is something to be thankful for. It is curious the pleasure people find in having confetti flung into their faces, or at least in flinging it into other people's. In Nice it is a different affair: one goes out regularly prepared for it and in the proper carnival mood; in Paris it is an abomination, and confetti-throwing goes hand in hand with a good deal of ruffianism. Confetti is the modern substitute for

### "Return, Alpheus!"

"Return Alpheus," sings the venerated Milton in an invocation obviously prophetic of the return of Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton to the House of Commons, which is to be celebrated to-night (March 7) by a complimentary City dinner. Mr. Morton, whose youthful energy belies his whitening locks and beard, was one of the most characteristic figures at St. Stephen's before his defeat ten years ago. Members who were jealous of his fine command of language declared that he was a bore, but the House as a whole delighted in him. He is a tremendous Radical, and his voice has in the past been that of one crying in the wilderness; but now he is going to keep the Government up to the mark, and all will be well. Personally he is very popular in the City, and in what "Robert" of *Punch* used to call the "grand old Copperashun" he has made his reforming zeal felt.

### The Paris Queen of Carnival.

In the mid-Lenten season Mlle. Rosa Blanche will preside as "Queen of the Queens" over the joyous cavalcade that ambulates through the streets of Paris. She is the fifteenth child of her mother, so that even Parisians have large families sometimes. She sells poultry in the Central Markets. When a reporter went to see her, he found her plucking a chicken for a waiting customer. Said the latter: "Fancy eating a chicken that has been prepared by a queen!" Notwithstanding her name, Rosa Blanche is no blonde, but a very pronounced brunette. Her type of beauty, indeed, is almost Spanish. She is eighteen years of age, and her features are regular and pretty. She is tall and elegant, and wears her simple clothes to perfection—just as every Paris work-girl does. At the end of her interview, she gave a most gracious little bow, as if in the space of a single night she had learned the trick of royalty. Five of her brothers and two sisters



CHURCH AND STAGE IN MME. PATTI'S WELSH HOME: THE THEATRE AT CRAIG-Y-NOS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

survive, and they live together with their mother in a modest little street called Aubry-le-Boucher. The queen had no influence, and never expected her honour. "Vive la reine!"





A KING'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS: THE DAUGHTERS OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

From a Photograph.

and does not care for travel, as does her sister-in-law, the Crown Princess. It is, however, possible that the Duke and Duchess will spend a few weeks in England this summer, for the latter is a favourite niece of Queen Alexandra. The two little Princesses, Marguerite and Marthe, are brought up very simply, and this pleases the democratic country of their birth. Their favourite playfellows are their little cousins, the children of Prince and Princess Bernadotte, who, owing to their being of morganatic birth, are in a somewhat peculiar position.

*Lady Esher and her Daughters as Firemen.*

There is little doubt that Lord Esher owes the preservation of his Windsor residence, Orchard Lea, and the many art treasures contained within its walls, largely to the coolness and courage of Lady Esher and his two daughters. An outbreak of fire was discovered in a bed-room of the house a few days ago, and but for the fact that Lord Esher and his family gained the mastery over the "devouring element" the Windsor Fire Brigade, excellent body of fire-fighters as it is, would have found itself faced with a very much more difficult task than it had to meet when it arrived on the scene in response to an urgent telephone call. Windsor has great associations for Lord Esher; not only is he Deputy-Governor and Constable of the Castle, but it was from the Royal Borough that he took his

*A King's Grand-daughters.* The new King and Queen of Denmark have an interesting group of grandchildren, their favourites, perhaps, being the two little daughters of their daughter Ingeborg, who is the wife of Prince Charles of Sweden. The Duke and Duchess of Westrogothie—to give them their official designation—are very popular with the Swedes, the more so that the Princess—whose own mother, it will be remembered, was the only child of the late King of Sweden—is devoted to Stockholm, the Crown

time of the Conquest, so beloved of the *nouveau riche*. They come from Cumberland, and the first of their kin to settle in the Other Island was Sir John Ponsonby, Colonel of Horse in the service of Cromwell. The present Lord Bessborough, who is the eighth Earl, is fifty-five, and for eleven years acted as private secretary to Lord Peel when Speaker of the House of Commons. His wife is a sister of Lord Wimborne and of Lady Layard, and is as popular in Kilkenny as is her husband, who had the honour of being chosen a member of the first Kilkenny



THE NEW LORD AND LADY BESSBOROUGH, FORMERLY LORD AND LADY DUNCANNON.

Photograph by Foote.

County Council. Her interest in all things Irish is very keen, and she is vastly concerned with the Garry Hill Cottage Industry, which she inaugurated and has piloted to success. Lord and Lady Bessborough have three sons and as many daughters. Of the latter, the eldest is Lady Oranmore and Browne, and the second is wedded to Mr. Congreve, of Waterford.

*Lady Maple to Marry.*

A mild flutter has been caused in Society, both general and political, by the announcement that Lady Maple, widow of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, the well-known sportsman and head of the famous firm of house-furnishers, is engaged to be married. The lucky man is Mr. Montagu Ballard, who is chairman of the Royal Brewery, Brentford. Lady Maple, it will doubtless be remembered, was the daughter of Mr. M. Merryweather, of Clapham, and her marriage to Sir John was celebrated thirty-two years ago. Her only daughter is the Baroness von Eckhardstein, who enjoys a considerable fortune left her by her father on condition that she spends several months of each year in this country.

*A Duke to Climb a Haunted Mountain.*

The Duke of the Abruzzi is about to undertake another exploring expedition, but this time he is not going to try either the North or the South Pole. He is going to attempt to scale Mount Ruwenzori, the great mountain in Central Africa, which is 16,400 ft. high, and has never been climbed by man. The Duke will be accompanied by Captain Cagni, of the Royal Italian Navy, and by a number of Alpine mountaineers from Savoy, for it is hopeless to look for guides or porters in Africa. The natives dare not climb the mountain, which they believe is haunted by evil spirits. The Duke will go by boat to Mombasa, and by train to Victoria Nyanza. He expects to begin the ascent of the mountain about the beginning of June.



LADY MAPLE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. MONTAGU BALLARD IS ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by Langfier.

wife, who is Eleanor Frances Weston, fourth daughter of the late Sylvain Van de Weyer, some time Belgian Minister to this country. The elder of Lord and Lady Esher's daughters, the Hon. Dorothy Eugénie Brett, was born in 1883; the younger, the Hon. Sylvia Leonora Brett, two years later.

*The New Lord and Lady Bessborough.*

The Ponsonbys of whom the new Earl of Bessborough finds himself the head are one of those families whose genealogical tree took root in this country at the



VISCOUNTESS AND AMATEUR FIREMAN: LADY ESHER.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.



NOT A CHARACTER FROM "MAJOR BARBARA": THE HON. DOROTHY BRETT.

Photograph by E. H. Mills



*Great Britain in Madrid.*

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, the new Ambassador to Spain, and Lady de Bunsen are just now settling into the Embassy at Madrid. They will, of course, have much to do with the arrangements for the marriage of King Alfonso and Princess Ena. Sir Maurice and his wife are both clever and cosmopolitan. His father, Baron de Bunsen, was formerly Prussia's Minister in London, and his mother was the daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney. He is thus related to the great Quaker banking and brewing houses of Buxton, Barclay, and Hoare. His sister married Baron Deichmann, who is well known in London society as a keen "whip," and whose barony was the only title created by the lamented Emperor Frederick. Lady de Bunsen is a daughter of the late Mr. Armar Corry, and a niece of the late Lord Rowton.

*The Comic Press of St. Petersburg.*

Although liberty of the Press was accorded some months ago by the Russian Government, the lot of a caricaturist in St. Petersburg is not altogether



**AMERICA.—MISS E. C. MORRIS, "RIGHT-HAND MAN" OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE-WORKERS OF AMERICA.**

Miss E. C. Morris, secretary to Mr. John Mitchell, President of the United Mine-Workers of America, who, when the last mail arrived, was working hard on matters appertaining to the question whether 600,000 miners of the United States will go on strike on April 1st, has already had much experience of strikes. She was busily engaged during the six weeks' strike in 1900, and during the strike in the anthracite region two years later.

*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*

permission of Mrs. Rube. A capital new idea is to have an exhibition of historical treasures apart from pictures, and it is whispered that visitors will be privileged to gaze on a lock of Napoleon's hair, a tea service that belonged to

**THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN  
IN AMERICA AND FRANCE.**

Marie Antoinette, and a mirror once owned by Mary Queen of Scots. Mrs. Rube is the wife of one of the most distinguished of South African millionaires, and the wedding of her only daughter to Mr. Leopold Canning, the

future Lord Garvagh, in Westminster Abbey, was a memorable event of 1904.

*Royalty and the Wedding of Royal Servants.*

The lively and kindly interest taken in their servants by the King, the Queen, George, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family, was much in evidence last week, when Mr. C. H. Jackson, head gamekeeper on the Sandringham estate, was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, housekeeper at Sandringham House. Not only did numerous Royalties send presents to the happy couple, but Princess Victoria and the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the wedding ceremony. The gifts of the King and Queen were a dinner service, a pearl-and-diamond pendant, a platinum chain, and a diamond scarf-pin; while Princess Victoria gave a gold-and-enamel inkstand, and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece a silver sugar castor and a diamond brooch. Mr. Jackson has served their Majesties in his present position for thirty-five years; Mrs. Jackson in hers for twenty-one years.



**FRANCE.—Mlle. LOUISE BAR, "THE LADY WITH THE X-RAY EYES."**

Mlle. Bar is the young lady of St. Quentin who claims that, under the influence of hypnotism, she can see into the human frame and diagnose illness of any kind. Her father puts the "fluence" on her, and she is given the patient's hand while she describes the disease and prescribes the remedy for it—the latter being written down and signed by a Dr. Hamand. Mlle. Bar is being proceeded against for illegal practice of medicine.

*From a Photograph.*

happy. Since the middle of November last no fewer than thirty-five new comic and satirical journals have appeared in the Russian capital. Of these fourteen were suppressed after the publication of their first number, while nine committed suicide for fear of a police prosecution. Between them these thirty-five papers have published four hundred and twenty-seven caricatures of Witte, two hundred and thirty of Dournovo, more than one hundred of Pobiedonostzeff, and nearly the same number of General Doubassov, the Governor of Moscow. There still seems to be more uncertainty than freedom about the career of a comic artist in Russia.

*Amateur Art.*

The Royal Amateur Art Society's Exhibition, which opens to-morrow (Thursday, March 8), is always a great Society function. It used to be held at Lowther Lodge, but this year it is to be at 1, Belgrave Square, by



**FRANCE.—Mlle. DE GUENNEO, WHOSE WEDDING TO A FARMER COST £800.**

Mlle. de Guenneo, a Breton who has frequently sat to photographers, recently married a rich farmer named Guillem. The occasion was made excuse for three days' festivities, which cost £800. No fewer than two thousand peasants were the guests of the happy bride and bridegroom, and the number of the tents necessary for their accommodation caused the cutting down of several acres of wood.



**AMERICA.—MRS. W. MIZNER, FORMERLY MRS. CHARLES T. YERKES.**

The marriage of Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes to Mr. Wilson Mizner was an enormous newspaper sensation in America, and a milder newspaper sensation here. The wedding was exceedingly quiet, and it was at first denied that it had taken place. Then it was announced in due form, and from that moment rumour has been piled on rumour, some asserting, even, that the newly married pair separated six weeks after their marriage.

*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*

*The Royal Bride and Bridegroom in a Motor Accident.*

Prince Eitel's luck as a motorist is evidently "out" for the time being. In the very beginning of his honeymoon, he and his bride met with an accident that might easily have been a disaster. The young couple were driving from Werbellsee station at night to the hunting-lodge at Hubertusstock when their car came into violent collision with a wagon, which, by the irony of fate, was on its way to fetch their luggage. That the Prince and Princess were slightly injured by broken glass is hardly to be wondered at when one learns that the car was badly damaged; it is fortunate indeed that they escaped so lightly, and all will congratulate them upon the fact. Can Prince Eitel be emulating his strenuous father's desire for speed, as well as his love for all things military?



THE NEW SUTRO PLAY FOR MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER  
IN AMERICA.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AS LADY CLARICE HOWLAND AND MR. FRANK WORTHING AS MR. VANDERVELDT  
IN "THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."

Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play, which was produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, the other day, will be seen at the Garrick Theatre on the 21st of this month, with Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh at the head of an excellent cast. The play has been in daily rehearsal for some weeks. Apropos, Miss Ellis Jeffreys' description of Lady Clarice, the part she is playing, is interesting. We quote from the "Globe": "She is a sympathetic type of woman, and feels a little at heart for the beau sabreur, Mr. Vanderveldt. It is not difficult to see that she has actually to steel herself against him on more than one occasion to prevent her pity from developing into the love she knows would make her miserable. I sometimes wonder if everyone appreciates the mental struggle she is undergoing all through the play. Her inclination is to marry the man who amuses her and who has roused her interest, but the instinct of self-preservation that is uppermost in every woman comes to her rescue, and she resolutely sets aside the fascinations of Vanderveldt."

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*





By E. A. B.

### Royalty and Freemasonry.

The election this evening of the Duke of Connaught as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons is a matter in which the King will be personally interested. Freemasonry has been one of the most absorbing concerns of his Majesty's life, and it was not without reluctance that, upon his accession, he relinquished his Grand Masterships in favour of the Duke and became "Protector of English Freemasons" and "Patron of Freemasons of the Mark Degree." To the King Freemasonry is "a good and holy thing." That, of course, is British Freemasonry, not the Freemasonry of the Continent. His Majesty's dictum has possibly no warmer support than that of Lord Wolseley, who instances in his autobiography the effect of Freemasonry in a strange land. The only officer left wounded in the Redan was a Freemason. The first Russian to enter found him lying shot through both legs. The Englishman made himself known as a Mason; the Russian happened to be another. That sufficed for the Russian to have his wounded foe-man treated with the tenderest care and sent to the Russian hospital at the rear.

### A Mystery's History.

The case of the Marquess of Townshend has naturally set the famous "Brown Lady," the family ghost, trotting (down the columns of the evening papers). The reputation of this long-lived ghost is so excellent as to be unassailable, and no attempt at elucidation of the mystery shall here be made. By analogy it might be possible to get at some slight explanation. A case in point is that of a badly haunted house, to which its owner returned after a lengthy absence. During the night she awakened in horror, certain that she had felt a thump on the bed, and hands ghostly or hands material cautiously and constantly moving all over it. Her terror was so extreme that she swooned. When she recovered consciousness day had dawned. There before her was the solution of the horrid mystery. The butler, distracted by her sudden return, had walked in his sleep and laid the table for fourteen upon her bed.

### Racing for the Honour of the Virgin Mary.

At the Hackney Show, which opened yesterday at the Agricultural Hall, are many men who would not be ashamed to own that they practically worship a good horse. There are hackneys of less intrinsic value which command a good deal more real worship. Sienna, birth-place of Socinianism and of one of the Popes, has a Derby for hackneys that would not take a prize at Islington, yet run for the honour of the Virgin Mary. Every summer the tradesmen of the various wards, instead of doing battle with edged weapons as in feudal days, set spurs to their nags and race for all they are worth. As a preliminary to the contest, horses and riders are soberly blessed; then off they go, plying whips with all their might, not only upon their own mounts, but upon the opposition riders. The victor is escorted in triumph to his own church, and there the prize banner, with lesser trophies, is hung in honour of the Virgin, to be taken down again in the following year and again put up to competition.

### Mines and Mines.

The agitation for greater precautions in safe-guarding the lives of men engaged in coal-mines is not new; it is a recurring decimal. Efforts are now being made by the leaders of the men to minimise the dangers. Perhaps the rank and file of the miners might do more in their own behalf. Faraday, when he was conducting an inquiry into the cause of colliery accidents, went down a mine which had a bad reputation, to see how the coal was blasted by gunpowder. He and his party sat down, with naked candles stuck in a piece of damp clay, until the tap-hole should be finished. "Where is the gunpowder?" presently asked Faraday. "That be it, maister, that you're a-settin' on," was the pleasant answer. This experience ranks with one of which the late Lord Playfair used to tell. The man who led him into the mine which he was examining extinguished his (Playfair's) candle, then dragged his own near to the ground. They reached the danger-spot they were seeking. Here the man slowly raised his light, until a blue

flame of fire-damp flickered round. "One inch more," he said genially, "and you and I would be blown to the devil."

### Dangers of Radium.

Does Mr. William Gillett preserve a casualty list? His party at the Bachelors' on Friday is another of the quite considerable series which he has had for the exhibition of the newest line in radium. Now, radium is one of the things which prove, so to speak, kittle cattle to shoe. It has a way of playing

tricks upon the unwary, just as have the X-rays. Edison lost his chief assistant eighteen months ago, killed by these rays. And he is dying, he says, from similar cause. "Sometimes," he has told us; "the pains I experience are almost unendurable. I feel huge knots forming. No medicine has any effect, and no treatment seems to allay the awful suffering. I never expect to recover." As Mr. Burke has just been reminding us in his new book on the origin of life, there is still a good deal to be learnt as to the action of radium.

### Old Adam and New Boy.

While the Chinese are raging horribly against "foreign devils" and killing as many of those who are missionaries as they dare, the new Chinaman, we are told, is being steadily evolved—a wonderful creature who shall save China for the Chinese. Which suggests that the Emperor was born a generation too soon. The "New Boy," of whom they talk, was unknown in his youth. When the Prince of Wales was in China, he found the young Emperor getting out of his bed at four o'clock in the morning to give audience to Privy Council on matters which he did not understand, seated for three or four hours at a time on his great dragon throne, to mark with the Imperial pencil such comments upon the reports as were dictated to him by the savage old Dowager Empress, concealed by a curtain at the back of the throne. Six hours a day were devoted to the study of Chinese and Manchu, and his meals were taken in solitary grandeur. Could the "New Boy" have been born in the Emperor, we might have heard less of the old Adam in his people.



THE HEROINE OF THE HUMBERT SAFE CASE IN ONE OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S SAFES: MME. THÉRÈSE HUMBERT MAKING CLOTH SLIPPERS IN THE WORK-YARD OF THE PRISON AT RENNES.

Mme. Humbert is seated in the fourth row from the front on the right, is the second figure from the window, and is marked by a cross.

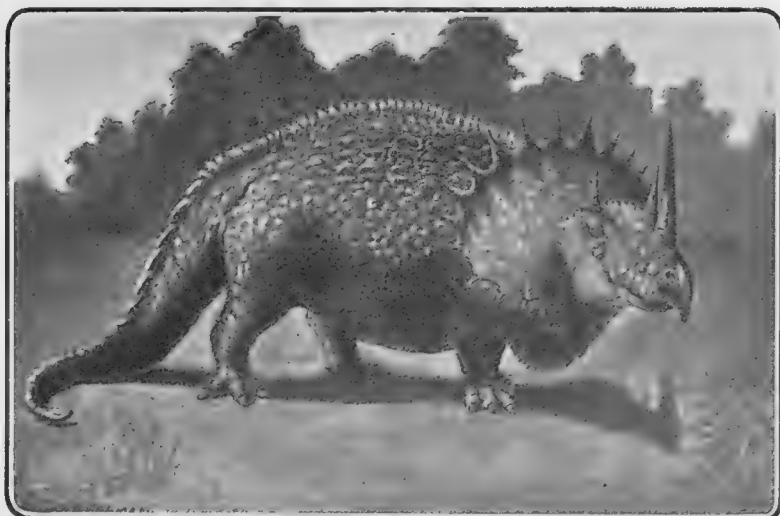


# OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE TALLEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD: LONG IVAN, OF THE RUSSIAN GUARDS.

Long Ivan has just joined the 1st Regiment of Guards at Tsarskoe Selo Palace. He is twenty years old, seven feet eleven and a-half high; and just under twenty stone in weight.



PREY OF THE KING OF TYRANT SAURIANS: THE TRICERATOPS, A CARNIVOROUS DINOSAUR OF THE AGE OF REPTILES.

The Triceratops, a formidable creature of the age of reptiles, existed at the same time as the Tyrannosaurus Rex, and is thought to have been preyed upon by that great lizard. A reconstruction of Tyrannosaurus Rex is to find a place in the American Museum of Natural History, where it will have the Brontosaurus as a fitting companion.



A PEASANT GIRL WHO HAS JILTED EIGHT SWEETHEARTS: VARVARA IROKOFF.

The Russian illustrated newspapers are busy publishing the portrait here given, with the statement that Varvara Irokoff jilted eight moujiks one after the other during the year 1904.



A MAN WHO USED HIS WIFE'S BODY AS A SCARECROW: EUGEN PLOSZ.

Plosz is an old Hungarian farmer, and earned the unenviable reputation of being the most niggardly man in the world by his gruesome idea of using the dead body of his wife as a scarecrow. This was found frightening birds from his orchard.



A PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS ON RUSSIA'S BLACK LIST: FATHER ARSENI.

This photograph has been prohibited by the police of Russia. It represents Father Arsenii, who is worshipped by thousands of peasants, and is said to have sworn that he will execute the Tsar before six months have passed.



NORWAY'S WOMAN POLICEMAN: FRÄULEIN NIGIREN.

Fräulein Nigiren is posted on the Island of Nakoim, her duty being to look after the Government's agricultural experiment station, the drill-ground, and the Government quarry, and to prevent the depredations of excursionists. She owns a small farm on the island.



IN NATIONAL NEW YEAR COSTUME: A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL.

This little girl is the daughter of a wealthy trader of Singapore, and is shown wearing the New Year costume of her country.



QUARRY FOR PREHISTORIC MAN: THE HADROSAURUS, A CARNIVOROUS DINOSAUR OF THE AGE OF REPTILES.

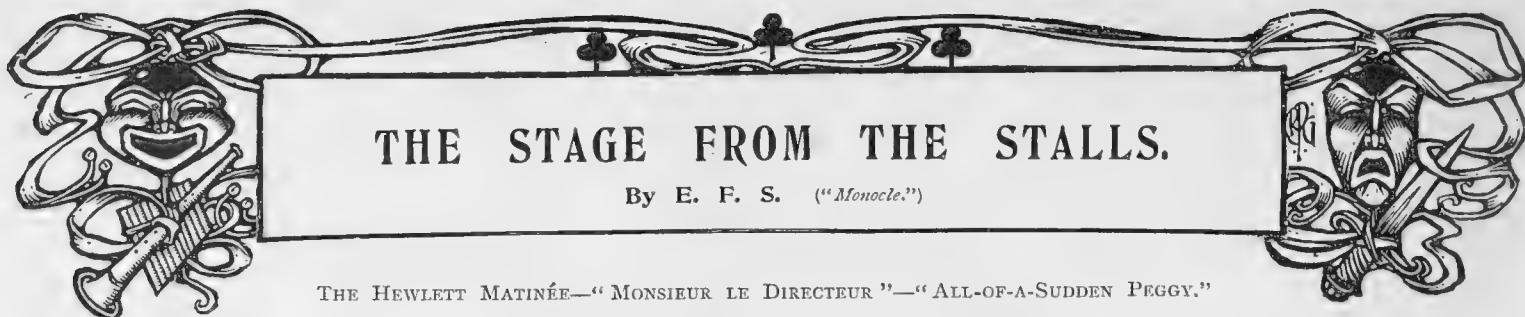
The Hadrosaurus, like the Triceratops, was a contemporary of Tyrannosaurus Rex, and also, doubtless, served it as food. The two illustrations given on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the *Scientific American*.



A PROFESSIONAL TOOTH-BLACKER: A SHAN BEAUTY.

Our photograph shows a Shan beauty-doctor, whose business it is to visit daily those natives who prefer black teeth to white, and stain their teeth.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE HEWLETT MATINÉE—"MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR"—"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY."

NOTHING fatigues the critic so much as watching an unsatisfactory play by a new writer who has incontestable claims to serious consideration. One tries to hold judgment in suspense in the hope that what seems dull or irrelevant may prove to have subtle good qualities, and whilst admitting that it is a fault, not unnatural in the young novelist-dramatist, to forget that one cannot turn back when watching a play, one endeavours to feel that scenes are good which do not appear to be good, but may be shown afterwards to have deep, strong motives. This fatigue, coupled with disappointment when it was proved that the critic's efforts were wasted, may have made some of us rather unfair to Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whose work as novelist has had a success quite amazing, when its splendid quality is considered. However, after trying to make all just allowances, the fact remains that "Pan and the Young Shepherd," despite some pretty passages of rhetoric and charming ideas, is a long, fatiguing, undramatic play, in which an engaging fairy love-story is swamped by heavy bucolic humours and a bewildering anticlimax leading to a forced happy ending. Clearly Mr. Hewlett, like most English men of letters, cannot yet distinguish between what will read well and what will act well. What a pity! Fancy if he could exhibit in the theatre the counterpart of the qualities that render his books delightful! Yet in his comediotta, "The Youngest of the Angels"—perhaps a much later work than the Pan play—he shows a considerable knowledge of the stage, and with a little compression it would be an amusing if hardly brilliant little comedy. By-the-bye, Miss Lillah McCarthy, beautiful and impressive in the big piece, acted admirably in the smaller, and so did Mr. J. H. Barnes. In the pastoral one can really see what would be a charming work if the author would allow it to be cut ruthlessly and give it the tragical conclusion which was expected by some who had not read the book; indeed, at the close of the last scene but two I thought the play was over. I fear that Mr. H. W. Hewlett's agreeable, if rather unoriginal, music would have to be altered to render the singing and dancing passages more direct and rhythmic. Perhaps this is not quite fair so far as the songs and choruses are concerned, for they were poorly sung.

Nevertheless, one has some pleasant recollections of the affair. For instance, of Miss Grace Lane, a very touching picture of poor, dumb Aglaë, whom she by fine means rendered wonderfully expressive, though silent; it will not be easy to forget her. Then of Mr. Ainley, delivering some beautiful verse admirably, and acting with dignity and passion; also of Mr. McKinnel, truly impressive as Pan the terrible, and certainly skilful as Pan the comic; and of Miss Ray Rockman, very clever in giving a little hint of mystery to the

part of Balkis. Also there were charming stage pictures, the more agreeable because in them it was shown how much may be done without extravagant expense. It must be added that some of the wisely restrained music had no little charm.

At any rate, one must admit that the managers of the Court deserve praise for giving Mr. Hewlett the chance he would never have got in the ordinary theatre. Their efforts show that private enterprise can perform what some deem the function of the State in the matter of the theatre; and if public moneys are ever to be used to assist the

national drama—which certainly will not be the case in our time—many playgoers will take the view that the wisest course will be to grant a subsidy to Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, and put them into a theatre more convenient in locality to the mass of pleasure-seekers.

To see "Monsieur le Directeur" and "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" on successive evenings was a useful experience. Mr. Ernest Denny came fairly out of the ordeal of comparison. He lacked the constructive skill and power of character-drawing shown by the more experienced writers; but, though working under severer limitations, held his own very well in the matter of wit and invention of stage business. It was, indeed, mainly on the last two qualities that his success rested; for, judging by the laughter and applause, "Peggy" has come to stay with us a long time. Certainly the original of "The Chili Widow" seemed to me the more amusing, chiefly, I think, because of the character-drawing which enabled the French players, such as MM. Galipaux (now a big little London favourite) Lagrange, and Paulet to force the house to rock with laughter, whereas such able people as Messrs. Alfred Bishop, Eric Lewis, and Gerald du Maurier could not make a real

hit amongst them. Even Miss Marie Tempest, the Peggy, seemed rather less fascinating and comic than usual, no doubt because she had a stage type rather than an individual to represent. Comparison of Mme. Dorlia, who was screamingly funny, with Miss Florence Wood is unfair to the English actress, for the reason already suggested. Mlle. Yahne proved to be an agreeable, accomplished artist, yet caused a little disappointment because she lacked distinctive personality. "Peggy"—one cannot give the whole mouthful of a title—certainly has many diverting moments, and the story of the pretended marriage, and the trouble that came of it until converted into a real affair, is handled with some freshness of idea, even if during the second act the people seemed to go round and round a good deal. At any rate, one welcomes a clever new dramatist who can give an entertaining light play without having to cross the Channel in search of a subject. I should have mentioned Miss Beckley and Mr. Haigh, who played ably in small parts.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS, WHO IS PLAYING THE HON. MRS. COLQUHON IN "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photograph by Hutchinson and Svendsen.



THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND ON "SPRING."



POET AND PEERESS: THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

WHO is this tripping through the woods,  
This slender maid with wind-blown hair,  
Whose little hands are full of flowers  
She scatters gaily everywhere?

She calls aloud, and at her voice  
The little tender leaves unfold,  
A thousand glories spring to life—  
The violet and the primrose gold,

"SPRING."

BY THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

The buttercup, the hyacinth,  
The snowdrop and the pink hedge-rose;  
The bluebell trembles in the grass,  
The daisies petal eyes unclose.

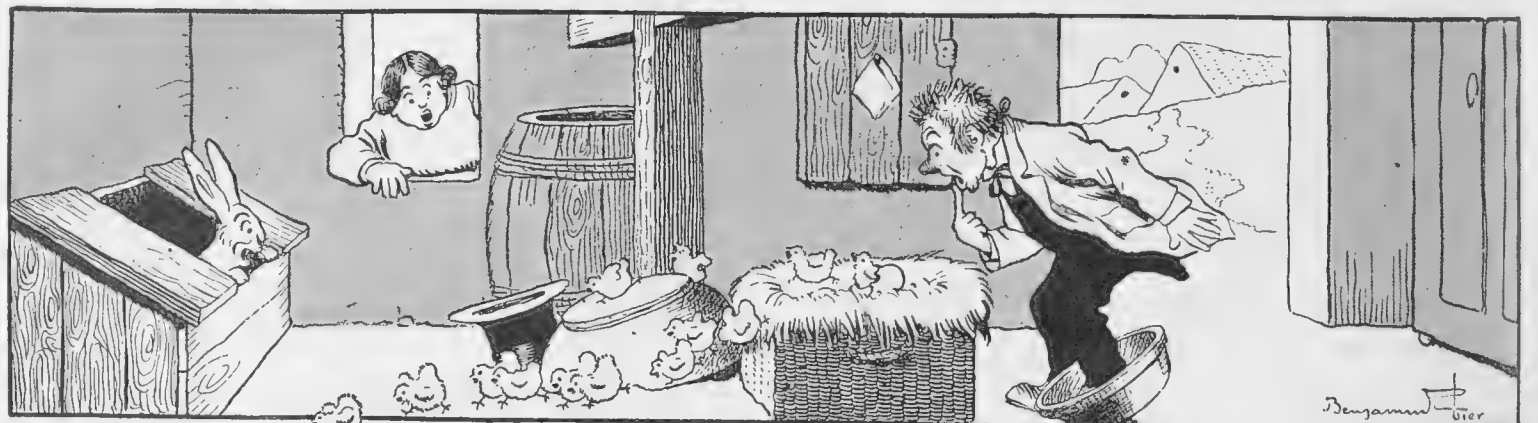
The limpid brook runs laughing by;  
The birds are singing in the trees;  
The incense of the warm, new earth  
Is borne upon the gentle breeze.

Come out, come out, ye youths and maids,  
And round the maypole dance and sing,  
Leave gloomy winter far behind  
And cry "All hail! fair Goddess Spring."  
GWLADYS SUTHERST.

*It will be remembered that the Marchioness Townshend was Miss Gwladys Ethel Gwendolen Eugenie Sutherst, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sutherst, barrister-at-law.*



THE UNWITTING INCUBATOR;  
OR, MISFORTUNE MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

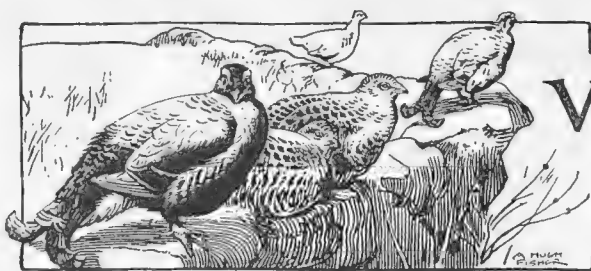


MORE SHOCKING CONDUCT!

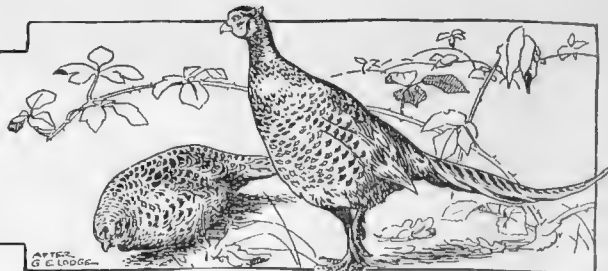


"WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A CHAUFFEUR WHO ALWAYS GETS OUT JUST WHEN HE'S WANTED?"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



## WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

**White Rabbits.** Whilst shooting in Scotland last summer I found a curious family of white rabbits living on the moorland among the grouse. I was attracted to them for the first time one evening when I was scanning the hillside with a field-glass from a considerable distance, and could see them feeding. In the part of the country of which I write, black and grey rabbits are common enough, but these white ones might, I thought, be albinos, and I determined to make some investigation. I noted carefully the point of the hill at which they made their appearance, and took up a position well above it one evening, a position from which I could see without being seen, so long as I remained stretched at full length in the heather. Just about feeding-time, when the rabbits were beginning to come out and the light was falling, I saw several grey ones emerge from the earth and prospect—that is to say, they did not start feeding as so many rabbits will, but moved about some distance in front of their run. After a few minutes a couple of white rabbits came out cautiously, and were followed by two others, and these four fed on the short grass quite close to the earth. They were pure white and of the average size. There was no suggestion of a cross-breeding with Belgians to account for their colouring.

**Their Habits.** I clapped my hands cautiously, and they disappeared in their burrow in great haste, while the greys came scrambling back to group themselves round the holes as though waiting for some further disturbing sound. Two went in, and when they came out again the white rabbits followed cautiously; but though the grey ones strayed freely over the hillside, the white ones never stirred beyond the small patch of grass that seemed to satisfy their wants. The greys, by the way, left this severely alone. I could not tell at the distance if they had the pink eyes I expected to find, nor was I disposed to shoot one in order to find out; but a friend who was staying with me wanted a skin to mount, for he had never seen a white wild rabbit, and so on a later day I allowed one to be shot, and found that its eyes were the ordinary brown colour. After that, though I watched the place very carefully, I did nothing to disturb the rabbits' pleasure, and came to the conclusion that the grey ones acted in some sort of way as the friends and guardians of their companions. When the white ones came out to feed, the greys were always on the watch, and often I would see a grey sentry or two sitting outside the earth, doing nothing, just as though keeping guard over what was within. I have spoken to many shooting-men of my acquaintance about pure white wild rabbits, and they do not appear to have met any, grey and black being the only varieties they have encountered; and I should be interested to learn

if any of my readers have found on their land white rabbits that are not albinos, and cannot be accounted for by any imported strain. It is quite evident that they can never thrive, for they have no protective colouring and must needs be the prey of all the rabbits' enemies. You can see them against the hillside with the naked eye when they are the greater part of a mile away, while you may walk up to the ordinary grey rabbit without seeing him, and even black-skinned ones have a certain measure of natural protection. As far as I could see, there was nothing in size and shape or weight or length of fur to distinguish the one white rabbit I handled from his grey or black companions.



A NATURAL BRIDGE: AN ARCHED OAK OVER AN OHIO ROAD.

Our photograph illustrates a remarkable natural growth. The tree is near the village of Wharton, Wyandotte County, Ohio, has a base two feet in diameter, and spans a forty-foot road.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

can preserve more closely and has a very effective answer to all charges of ignoring game laws. But a very considerable temptation is imposed upon ne'er-do-weels, who know they can find a ready market for game just now. When birds are commencing to forget all their winter uneasiness, and are turning their thoughts to nesting time, they may be taken with comparative ease by all who have no scruples and a little luck. I remember seeing some grouse at the back end of a poulterer's shop in the North Country on the 11th August a year or two ago. I counted five brace, and asked casually for an explanation. "It will just be the cold storage," replied the worthy shopkeeper, and when I asked to be allowed to handle one to see how it had kept, he asked me not to do so, on the ground that folk might be coming into the shop, and many people were "verra suspicious." In this connection, one is reminded of the grouse that are seen in so many poulterers' shops on the morning of the 12th of August. At ten o'clock they are from the Midlands, at midday they have come from Yorkshire, and in the early afternoon they are from the land across the Tweed. Clearly they travel faster in death than in life.

**March Game.** Although February is a thing of the past and shooting is practically at an end, it is astonishing to find how little people who are fond of game suffer in these days from the coming of the close season. In some hunting shires I believe men look forward to killing a May fox, and I am inclined to believe that, on some tables, men may look forward to eating a May pheasant. Of course, game laws have a good bit to say about the public appearance of certain birds when spring is on the land, but it is undeniable that modern conditions of preserving dead game cover a multitude of sins. Your up-to-date poulterer

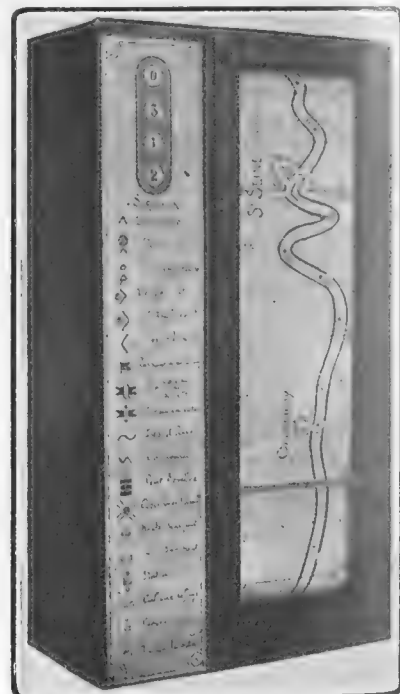
than the most careful gamekeeper,



A HUMAN BEING AS A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT: THE DE FOREST SYSTEM AT WORK.

"Everyone knows that the human body is a conductor of electricity, but that it may be employed as a radiator and antenna instead of the usual aerial in wireless telegraphy may not be so well known. During the electrical show at the Madison Square Garden, a series of experiments was performed. . . . One of these consisted in substituting the body of the lecturer's assistant for the usual vertical conductor used in sending wireless messages." The experiments made it necessary to pass 200,000 volts of high frequency current through the body.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



CARRY YOUR OWN SIGNPOSTS: A DEVICE WHICH SHOWS THE LOCATION OF A MOTOR-CAR AT ANY MOMENT.

"The 'Auto-Carte' is an ingenious little device which is mounted on the dashboard of the car, and which, by the unrolling of a band of paper, shows the exact position of a car upon the road at any moment. . . . The strip of paper has printed upon it a map of the road. . . . It is unrolled automatically by a friction roller arrangement mounted beside the road wheel and connected by a flexible shaft and worm gear to the rollers upon which it is wound. The friction gear can be readily adjusted to suit the diameter of the car wheel should it wear down. . . . One advantage lies in the fact that as the map is quite exact the driver is not obliged to ask the way."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



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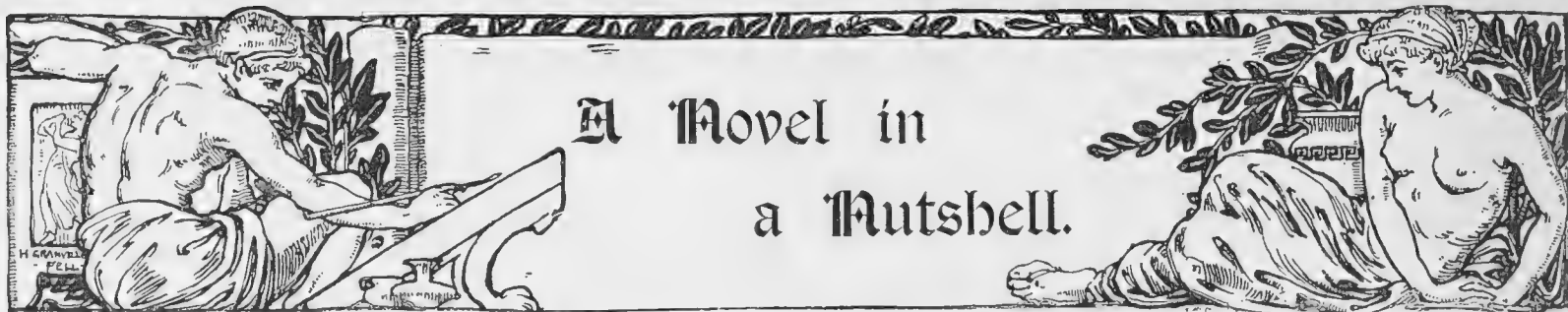


A SURE CATCH.



EXPECTING A BITE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## THE SECOND MARRIAGE OF LADY MORTEYNE.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

"I BEG your pardon!" he said.

He had risen with difficulty at her entrance, and stood facing her with an air in which panic and a subtle sense of humour were bewilderingly blended. His head was swathed with bandages, and the white setting lent his dark features a look of the picturesque, the unusual. His eyes, fixed upon the white figure of Lady Morteyne, were half embarrassed and half amused.

"It's what the chaps who write books would call a deuced awkward fix," he said genially. "Ain't it, Kitty?—beg pardon, I'm sure—I forgot. Lady Morteyne, I meant—but it seems awfully natural to call one's wife by her Christian name. . . . Beg pardon again—awfully sorry. Of course, you're not my wife—hang me if I hadn't forgotten that too, for the minute. . . . I say, it wasn't my fault, you know—the infernal motor tried to settle me. Thought she was steeplechasing, and tried to jump a hedge. Landed on top of me—afraid I'm in a horrid mess. Your housekeeper—good old soul—tied me up with towels, and swore you'd gone to dine at Weycot and wouldn't be back for hours, or I'd never have come in at all—I wouldn't, on my honour, Kitty. . . . Oh, hang, there it goes again—what a fool I am. I always was a fool, you know—you mustn't mind."

Lady Morteyne had come slowly into the middle of the room. She held her white furred cloak together at the throat, and her face was pale, though it did not express any particular shade of feeling. "I don't—mind," she said, rather deliberately. "Hadn't you better sit down?"

"But hadn't I better go?"

She drew a low chair to the fire and sat down. There was a certain deliberation in all her movements. It was as though she meant to keep herself well in hand—to do and say nothing which she might afterwards regret. She did not look at the man with the bandaged head as he, too, sank into his chair with a sigh of relief.

"It will be at least an hour before the motor will be ready. You had better stay where you are."

Her tone was not gracious, but he looked at her gratefully.

"I say, Kitty, that's awfully decent of you."

"I'm not inhuman."

"Well—I wouldn't have wondered if you'd chosen to be."

There was a touch of remorse in his gay voice. For a moment he sat silent, looking about the pretty room with its flowers and pictures—looking, a little furtively, at the pretty woman by the fire. She had pushed back her cloak, and her dress sparkled as though with tiny flames in the firelight. A ruby-and-diamond pendant at her breast caught the red light, and glowed like a drop of blood. His eyes fell upon it with a shock of recollection. He remembered giving it to her in Paris, only three short years ago.

"Oh—I've got to congratulate you," he said suddenly. "Hear you're going to marry Raymond. First-rate chap, Raymond; bit of a saint, but I suppose you—you want a change. . . . I say, Kitty, I wish you every sort of happiness, you know. I'm a bad lot, and all that, and I made a mess of things; but I'm glad you're going to have another chance of happiness, and—and—Kitty dear, I hope this time Raymond will bring it off for you better than I did."

There was a little change in his voice. She did not lift her eyes from the fire.

"Thank you," she said quietly.

He leaned forward in his chair, looking at her with eyes that had become grave.

"I say . . . Kitty . . . I want to tell you something. . . . I want to tell you I'm sorry. I'm a bad lot, and you were too good for me, and we didn't hit it off; but you don't bear malice, do you? I beg your pardon for—for everything. I was a brute—I know that. Kitty, say you don't bear malice."

She did not answer at once.

"No," she said at last.

He sat back comfortably in his chair.

"That's all right. I'm not good at saying things, but I'm pretty sick of myself—I treated you like a blackguard, and that's the truth.

I'm a bit of a fool, as I said just now, and I don't know how to put things as—as old Raymond would, for instance. But I've not had the best of times since I saw you last. There are lots of things that hurt me when I think of them—and the devil of it is that I can't help thinking of them."

He was silent. She looked still, meditatively, into the fire.

"It's a bit of one's life," she said, in a low voice. "One—one can't altogether forget."

"You can afford to forget, Kitty; it wasn't your fault. You can put it all out of your mind and be happy—with Raymond. I think—sounds rather a queer thing to say—I think I'm rather glad you're going to marry again. It doesn't seem so much as though I'd spoilt your life—perhaps I've only spoilt a bit of it, after all—the first bit . . . ?"

There was a question in his voice. Lady Morteyne drew the cloak up suddenly over her shoulders, as though she felt cold.

"Yes—the first bit," she said. "But I think it's the first bit of life that counts—more than all the rest."

There was no reproach in her tone. She spoke as though stating a fact—a fact which did not affect her one way or the other.

There was a troubled look on his face.

"I hope not. Kitty, you make me feel an awful blackguard. Look here, promise me one thing, will you? You were fond of me once—hang it all, fonder than I deserved. Kitty . . . promise me one thing."

"Yes . . . ?" she said slowly.

"Promise me to forget that first bit of your life that I spoilt—to forget. . . ."

"To forget—you?"

"If you put it that way—yes."

She did not answer. He sat watching her eagerly, nervously. Her fair head was bent a little—how well he remembered the way she always held it, and the glimmer of her hair as it caught the light! What a fool he had been, he thought, to lose her. And now she loved Raymond—was going to marry Raymond in a few weeks' time. He thought of Raymond sitting here alone with her in the pretty room he knew so well—and a fierce little pang stabbed at his heart.

"They're an infernal time fixing up that motor," he said, half to himself.

She looked up with a start.

"I'm sorry they're so long. Is your head hurting you?"

"Yes—no—lots of things are hurting me worse than my head," he said roughly. "Kitty, are you going to bring Raymond *here*—after you're married? No—I shouldn't have asked you—I've no right to ask you, I know. Only—we came here. . . . Hang them, are they building that motor over again?"

She did not speak. She was thinking—thinking rapidly, with a sort of uncanny rapidity which left her thoughts perfectly and even unnaturally clear. She was thinking of Raymond, whom she loved, Raymond, who was going to marry her and make amends to her for all she had suffered—or so, at least, he had promised. And she, too, saw Raymond sitting there with her in the pretty, firelit room. . . .

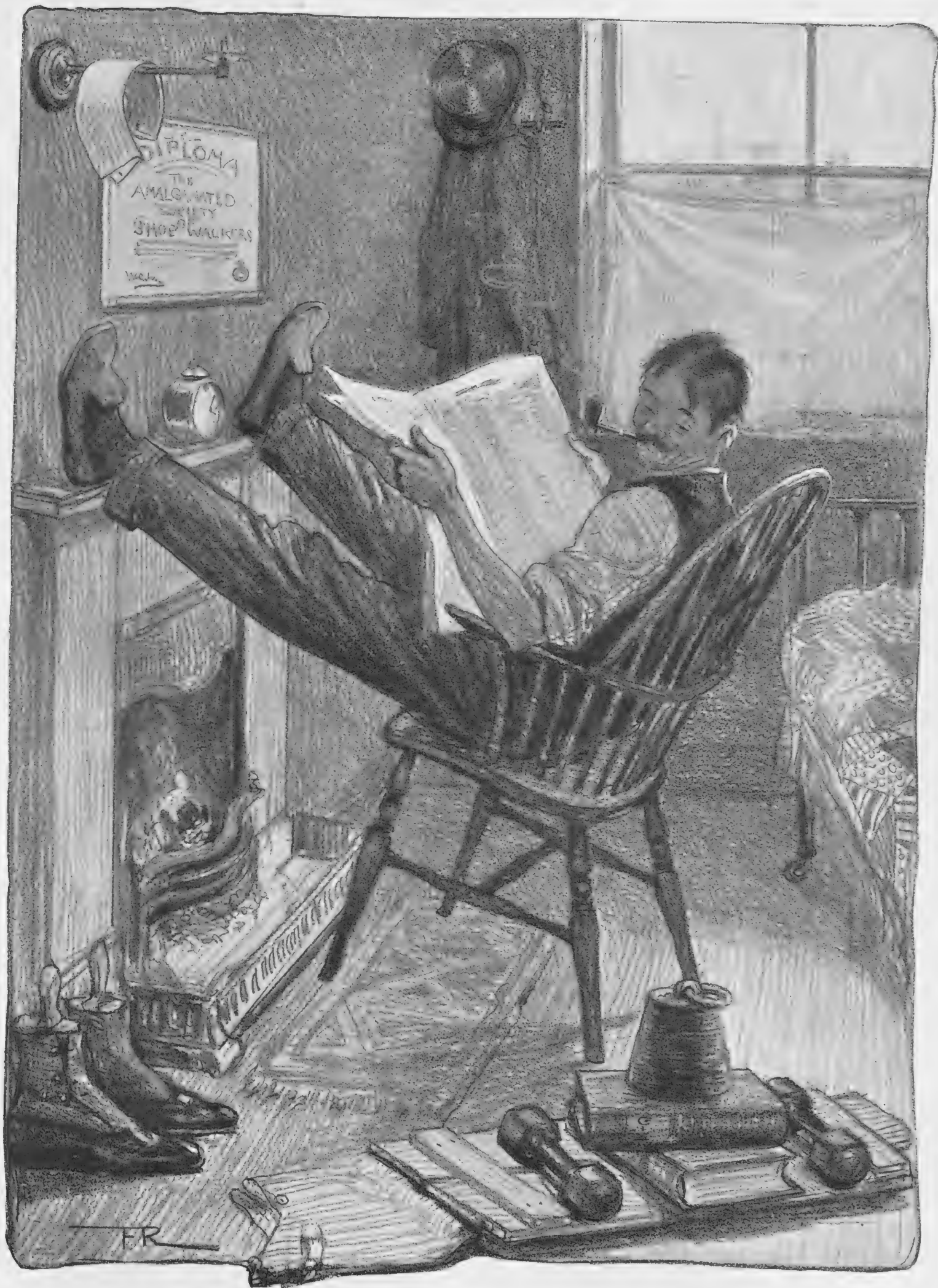
"We're going to Paris," she said.

There was a long silence. And still her thoughts went on, as though she had lost all control over them. She saw Raymond's face—the face which she had told herself expressed such a beautiful character, so different from the character of the man who sat looking at her with the eyes of a thing that is being tortured. She was glad that he was feeling something of all that she had felt—glad. Raymond would make her happy—Raymond, with his beautiful ideas, his tastes for everything that was high and improving to the human race. Somehow, at that moment, the thought of Raymond's passion for improvement left her cold. But he was a first-rate chap—the phrase stuck in her mind. He was a bit of a saint—perhaps he was more of a saint than anyone she knew. And—he was her second chance of happiness.

[Continued overleaf.]



# *Sunday Clothes — By Districts.*



V.— BLOOMSBURY.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

She told herself that several times. It helped to blot out the thought of the man sitting looking at her.

Suddenly he rose and began to walk up and down the room in silence. She heard the sound of his footsteps passing and repassing her, but she would not look up. She felt that he was suffering—well, she had suffered too. In a little while the motor would be ready, and he would go, and she would never see him again, as long as she lived. But she was glad that she had seen him that once, glad that she had made him feel something—glad, even, that he was jealous of Raymond. He had been jealous of her before, in the days when he had cared for her, she remembered—and smiled a little, looking into the fire. She had never asked for vengeance upon him, but she was having her revenge to-night. Fate, and a motor-car, had given him into her hands.

The sound of the steps which passed her with mechanical regularity began to get on her nerves. She began almost to wish that she had not seen him, that she had not obeyed the sudden impulse which had dragged her into the room. For she had thought that he was hurt—badly hurt—and she had forgotten for a moment that it did not matter to her if he was. Once it had mattered so much.

The sound of footsteps ceased. She felt that he was standing close to her, behind her chair.

"Kitty . . . there's one thing. That night I—hurt your wrist . . . Kitty, I was mad—you know that, don't you? I could never have hurt you if I'd been sane, and—afterwards—I'd have shot myself to undo it. I don't ask you to forgive me, but—"

"There's no need for forgiveness," she said coldly. "If it hadn't been for that night, I should have been tied to you still—I should have had no second chance of happiness. By hurting me, you set me free."

She could hear the sharp breath he drew. Ah! she had hurt him at last—hurt him as her broken wrist had never hurt her. She told herself that she was pleased, that she would do it again if she had the chance. And then she found herself listening for the wheels of the motor on the gravel.

"I see—that's how you look at it," she heard him say.

There was a knock at the door, and a servant entered with a note. She took it, and recognised Raymond's clear, unhurried handwriting. For a moment she held the letter on her knee, looking at it. She could not have told why, but something in her revolted against opening Raymond's letter in the presence of the man who had been her husband.

He too saw the letter—and Raymond's writing.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said bitterly.

But she did not open the letter at once. Again she wished for the sound of the motor. It did not come. She tore the envelope with a hand that trembled suddenly.

"Excuse me," she said.

The letter was not very long—and Raymond's letters were usually of inordinate length. She had felt inclined to yawn over them sometimes—and had reproved herself for entertaining the inclination with a sharp sense of shame. It was not Raymond's fault if he used six words where one would have done—an almost perfect character must have some corresponding drawbacks.

She would not yawn over this letter. She read it through almost at a glance. . . . What was the matter with her that the room was spinning round her? What on earth did he mean? Of course, it was only a joke—only. . . . She remembered that Raymond never made jokes.

She read the letter again. He regretted most deeply the pain he had to give her. He had always—as she knew—had religious scruples as to the remarriage of divorced persons, but his love for her had, for the time being, overpowered his reason and his conscience. He felt that she might with justice reproach him for not having known his own mind before, but, considering the greatness of the principle involved, he was sure that she would overlook the merely personal point of view, he was sure that she would see that his work in the Church, to say nothing of his own moral character, must suffer if he contracted a marriage which he could not help considering against the teaching of the Church. He wished it to be clearly understood that he did not give her up—he left it to her good sense to release him from an engagement into which he had been hurried by the force of his feeling for her—and he remained, with deep regret, hers very sincerely, Henry Raymond.

For the first time since she had entered the room she looked up and met Morteyne's eyes and did not turn away.

"Will you please call someone?" she said very distinctly. "It's extremely silly of me—but I think I am going to faint."

When she came to herself Morteyne was still holding her. It seemed to her that he had been

holding her for a very long time, but she did not resent it—she did not feel that she cared to resent anything. It soothed and comforted her to feel the touch of someone stronger than herself, and the fact that that someone was Morteyne did not seem to matter. With the first return of consciousness she remembered the sprightly daughter of an American millionaire, to whom Raymond had shown marked attention lately—yes, she supposed that was it. Men were all alike—even when they were saints.

She disengaged herself from Morteyne's hold and sat up.

"Thank you—I'm all right now," she said.

She looked at him as she spoke. Suddenly—she did not know why—she ceased to care what Raymond had done. She was almost amused. Her second chance of happiness had followed the first—she wondered why she had been foolish enough to believe in second chances. They were almost as unsatisfactory as the first.

"He's thrown me over," she said, and held out the letter.

She sat quietly while Morteyne read it. She still felt amused—only her head ached so.

Morteyne looked up from the letter.

"The man's a fool and a prig," he said.

"No—he's quite right. He doesn't believe in the remarriage of divorced people, you see—and he wants to marry Miss Schierz. It's quite simple."

"It's my fault . . . Kitty, I've spoiled your second chance too."

She took the letter.

"It's not your fault. I think it's fate. Besides—if it comes to that, I don't believe in second chances—or second marriages, either."

She stood up. In the silence they could hear the motor puffing and snorting over the gravel, like some odd, fabulous monster of fire and iron. She thought of the moment when she had wished to hear it—she did not wish to hear it now. She only wished to have it all over and done with—to be able to sit down by the fire in peace. Morteyne heard the sound, too.

"They've fixed up the motor. Kitty, I'll go now. But before I go I want to tell you something. You think I didn't care for you—perhaps I thought I didn't, too. I was wrong—we were both wrong. I loved you all the time—I loved you while I behaved like a brute and a blackguard and hurt you so. I didn't know it before, but I do now."

He went to the door. She heard the motor, snorting like a live thing below. In a few moments he would be gone—why had he ever come? Was it fate which had sent him there that night with Raymond's letter?

She stood motionless, watching him as he went to the door. In a few moments he would be gone. Suddenly she saw him turn. He came back and came close to her.

"You—cared for Raymond?" he said.

Below, the motor panted fiercely. She could hardly hear him speak, but she knew what he said.

"No."

"Kitty . . . ?"

"No; I never cared for him. I thought he had a beautiful character and most improving ideas. You were never improving, were you, Jack?"

"I?" he said.

"No—perhaps . . . I suppose one doesn't love people because they have beautiful characters and improving ideas—I don't know why. It's a badly arranged sort of world, somehow."

"One doesn't love people because . . ." he stopped suddenly. "You loved me then—you didn't want merely to get rid of me, to be free, because I'd been such a brute?"

The motor was making a deafening noise, but she did not hear it.

"No. If I hadn't loved you I shouldn't have cared what you did—I don't care what Henry Raymond does. Do you think I feel jealous of Miss Schierz? And I shouldn't have cared, when we were married, if he had liked a hundred other women, and broken my wrist every night."

His face was very pale under its crown of bandages.

"Kitty . . . I was a blackguard—I've told you so. Perhaps I'm a blackguard still—perhaps I can't help being one—I don't know. But if you'd give me a chance—"

Steps came along the corridor, and he moved back a little.

"I forgot," he said; "you don't believe in second chances—or second marriages . . . Good-bye, Kitty."

The man who entered at that moment wondered why his mistress looked at him so oddly. He was not of a literary turn of mind, and had never devoured the thrilling details of the famous Morteyne Divorce Case.

"The motor is waiting, my lady."

Lady Morteyne made a little sudden step between the owner of the motor and the door.

"His Lordship will not want the motor to-night," she said.







## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**T**AKING time by the forelock, however advantageous from one point of view, occasionally has its drawbacks in compelling a play to be withdrawn before it has outrun its popularity. This is Mr. Bouchier's experience with his present revival of "Brother Officers," which was acted for the fiftieth time on Saturday evening. Although it is believed that it could have run successfully right through Lent, the arrangements previously mentioned in this column for the production of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" have

compelled the announcements of the last night, and the evening of the 21st instant has accordingly been fixed for Mr. Alfred Sutro's new work, in which, *Sketch* readers will remember, Miss Ellis Jeffreys is playing the principal part in America.

The critics will have a divided duty on Saturday, for Mr. James Welch has fixed that evening for the production of Mr. Brandon Thomas's play, "A Judge's Memory." Mr. Welch's comrades, it will be remembered, were mentioned on this page last week.

At the end of this week Mr. Granville Barker's play, "The Voysey Inheritance," will be withdrawn from the Court for the present, and will be succeeded by the

"Electra" of Euripides, translated by Professor Gilbert Murray. The chief parts will be played by Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. J. H. Baines, Mr. Stratton Rodney, Mr. Frederick Lloyd, Mr. Lewis Casson, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, and Miss Edith Olive.

Having completed their engagement at the Court, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Yorke (Miss Annie Russell) will leave for New York on Saturday next on board the *Umbria*. Immediately on their arrival they will begin work on a new play, for which their company has been engaged, and is, in fact, already busy with the rehearsals. This play can, however, only be done for a few weeks during the spring, as by the end of April or early in May all theatrical enterprise, so far as the "stars" go, invariably comes to an end. Miss Russell and Mr. Oswald Yorke, however, will have only a short rest, for early in the autumn they open Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper's new theatre in New York, the Astor, with a new play by Mr. Paul Kester, the title of which has not been decided upon.

For the present, Miss Billie Burke's admirers will miss her from her usual place on the stage of musical comedy. She was summoned very suddenly and unexpectedly to America a few days ago by news of the hopeless illness of a dear relation.

The King's Hall, Covent Garden, will on Sunday evening be the scene of the next production of the English Drama Society, which, it will be remembered, gave the old morality play, "The Interlude of Youth," a few months ago. On this occasion the programme will be made up of Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "Peter the Fool," a one-act play in mediæval dress. In order to meet the requirements of the law for Sunday performances, would-be visitors have to pay a subscription of a shilling, which entitles them to membership, after which they may buy seats at ten, five, and two shillings each. These can only be had by application to the Secretary, Mr. Nugent Monck, at 20, Regent Street. An interesting cast has been got together. In "Ghosts" Miss Madge McIntosh, who, in "Major Barbara" relinquished the rôle of leading lady to play the middle-aged mother of a grown-up family, will play Mrs. Alving; while Oswald will be acted by Mr. Arthur Goodsall, who played Youth in "The Interlude"; and

Mr. Arthur Curtis, the Riot of the previous production, will be Jacob. Mr. Lumsden Hare will be Pastor Manders and Miss Isabel Roland will be Regina. In "Peter the Fool," the characters will be played by Miss Isabel Roland and Miss Ina Royle, Mr. Bertram Forsyth and Mr. Esme Percy.

While Miss Gladys Unger is waiting—no doubt impatiently, as is the way of dramatists—for Mr. Arthur Bouchier to produce her play on Richard Sheridan, she is being consoled by the fact that Mr. Arnold Daly—who is to the United States, so far as Mr. Bernard Shaw is concerned, what Mr. Granville Barker is to London—is to do a new one-act play by her called "The Lemonade Boy." It is quite on the cards that this may be seen in London before very long, for the leading part is a very fine one, and the whole play is of an emotionally intense character. The scene is laid in Eastbourne, and the characters are confined to people of the lower ranks of society. Whether Mr. Daly will change the locale and make his scene an American watering-place remains to be seen, though there is no reason why a purely English play should not succeed on the other side of the Atlantic. Nothing, for instance, could well be more circumscribedly English than "Mr. Hopkinson," yet it has been produced with great success on the other side.

Mr. Arnold Daly, by the way, has also added Mr. Louis Parker and Mr. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw" to his repertoire.

Pleasurable anticipation is the predominant feeling in the Green-Room over the appearance of Miss Jessie Millward, which *Sketch* readers may be reminded is fixed for Saturday evening next, at the Scala. Miss Millward left the London stage for that of America as an emotional actress pure and simple. She returns to it with the avowed intention of devoting herself entirely to the cause of comedy, for which her past experience will stand her in good stead; for just as no actor can really play tragedy unless he has a sense of humour, so it may be laid down as an axiom that no one can play comedy who has not also some capacity for emotion in his nature.

Pending her return to the musical-comedy stage at Easter, Miss Isabel Jay is appearing on the concert platform, and will sing every Sunday this month at Queen's Hall for the Sunday League, with whose patrons, it need hardly be said, she is as great a favourite as she is with the public of the theatre.

Mr. Laurence Binyon's one-act play, "Paris and Ænone," which, as was first announced on this page, was originally intended to be produced at the Great Queen Street Theatre by Mr. Philip Carr, will form part of the programme of Miss Gertrude Kingston's special matinée to be given to-morrow afternoon at the Savoy Theatre. Miss Kingston will herself appear in it, with Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Roxy Barton. Miss Kingston will also appear in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "How he Lied to her Husband," in which she will be associated with Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. J. G. Poulton, while the third item of the programme will be Mr. E. F. Benson's "The Friend in the Garden," with Miss E. Wynne Matthison, Miss Irene Rooke, Mr. Dennis Eadie, and Mr. Thalberg Corbett in the cast.



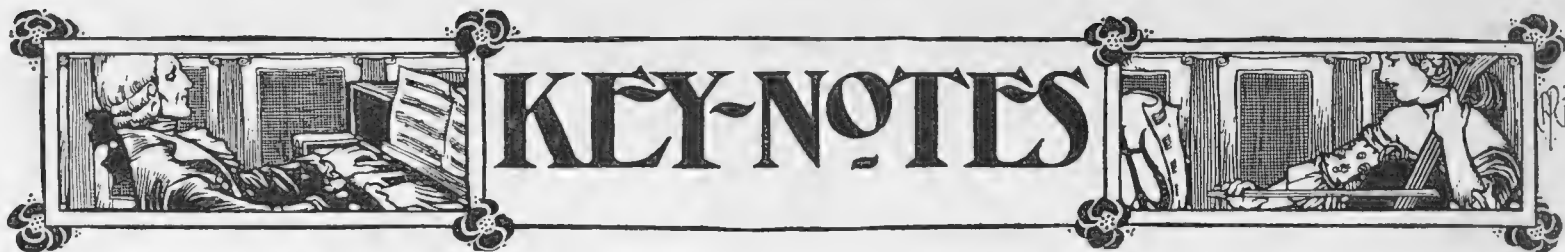
THE GIBSON GIRL AGAIN! THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD.

Photograph by Bassano.



MISS SYLVIA STOREY, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING TINY BOW BELLE IN "BLUEBELL."

Photograph by Hutchinson and Svendsen.



NINETY-THREE years have passed since the Philharmonic Society gave its first concert. That is to say that this society began its existence two years before the Battle of Waterloo, and seven years before the death of George III. It has been one of the most powerful organisations in Europe to preserve and extend the

art of music, and its records are worthy of any great chapter in any great art. We know, for example, that Beethoven's last symphony was written for it, and that it treated the great composer in no niggardly manner; we know also that through the long years of its career it has always upheld the high and grand traditions of music. Of course in recent days, where orchestras are multiplied all over Europe, the Philharmonic cannot claim the same superiority which once belonged to it, save by way of prestige. In fact, it is rather pathetic to see many subscribers who attend on these occasions growing somewhat into the sere, almost unwilling to own that art changes and that competition makes so much difference in the struggles of any veteran association.

Nevertheless there is no earthly reason why the Philharmonic Society, under the energetic con-

ductorship of Dr. Frederick Cowen, should not march in the van with modern musical thought. The misfortune is that there are so many combinations in the life of music which have grown up within the last ten years that cause it to be difficult for anything that even sounds old-fashioned to make much headway. However, the programme of the most recent concert, and the first of the present season under Dr. Cowen, was very interesting. It is one special note of the Philharmonic Society that it has at all times taken pains to engage the most pre-eminent artists of the day to make its programmes attractive. On this occasion Madame Carreño played the pianoforte part in Rubinstein's Concerto for that instrument and orchestra (No. 4), and her amazing technique, which is simply colossal, drew upon her loud plaudits of enthusiasm. On the occasion of this particular concert Mr. Frederic Austin made his first appearance in the list of Philharmonic singers, and sang very finely the "Abschied" from "Die Walküre." Weingartner, who himself conducted his own Symphony in G, showed what sympathy he possessed with the band; but the work cannot be described as being great, although it is exceedingly clever and full of brightness and sentiment, even though these qualities are somewhat superficial.



Photo, Lizzie Caswall Smith.

WINNER OF A PRIZE IN MR. MARK HAMBOURG'S COMPETITION; MR. PERCY PITT.

Mr. Percy Pitt, who has been awarded a prize in Mr. Mark Hambourg's competition, for a "Fantasia Appassionata," is coming very rapidly to the front. He is organist to the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and holds an important position at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. He has just received a commission to contribute a new work to the next Birmingham Festival.

ductorship of Dr. Frederick Cowen, should not march in the van with modern musical thought. The misfortune is that there are so many combinations in the life of music which have grown up within the last ten years that cause it to be difficult for anything that even sounds old-fashioned to make much headway. However, the programme of the most recent concert, and the first of the present season under Dr. Cowen, was very interesting. It is one special note of the Philharmonic Society that it has at all times taken pains to engage the most pre-eminent artists of the day to make its programmes attractive. On this occasion Madame Carreño played the pianoforte part in Rubinstein's Concerto for that instrument and orchestra (No. 4), and her amazing technique, which is simply colossal, drew upon her loud plaudits of enthusiasm. On the occasion of this particular concert Mr. Frederic Austin made his first appearance in the list of Philharmonic singers, and sang very finely the "Abschied" from "Die Walküre." Weingartner, who himself conducted his own Symphony in G, showed what sympathy he possessed with the band; but the work cannot be described as being great, although it is exceedingly clever and full of brightness and sentiment, even though these qualities are somewhat superficial.

The London Symphony Orchestra was engaged for Mr. Charles Williams's recent orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall. Mr. Jasper Sutcliffe took the part of solo violin. The first item on the programme was Elgar's Introduction and Allegro in G minor, having for its motto: "Smiling with a sigh." The quotation is, of course, from Shakspeare's "Cymbeline," and the work is dedicated to Professor Sanford, of Yale University. The work is extremely characteristic, extremely

clever, and at times very moving, although the form upon which the overture, as one may call it, is based, gives Elgar too little scope for his really great powers. At the same concert we had Joachim's Concerto in D minor, in which Mr. Jasper Sutcliffe took the solo part. Mr. Sutcliffe has a remarkable command over technique, even though he does not always attain to the heights of greatness. In this work, however, Mr. Williams scarcely realised its standpoint of romance sufficiently. Brahms was pervasive in the concert, which concluded with the Overture to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

Mr. Hegedus is a very fine violin-player, but perhaps his inclination leads him towards an excess of sentimentalism. This is a quality which very often circumscribes the powers of an artist's expression. Nevertheless, Mr. Hegedus was in many ways very successful, and it cannot be complained of him that he falls short of any industry through which he may do the very best by his great natural talents. He has, however, a somewhat limited expression of thought, and he rarely makes any sort of musical adventure beyond the confines of that thought. In a Sarabande by Sulzer this violinist was quite admirable, and in Goldmark's Adagio, from his Suite in E, this player was quite interesting. It would be absurd to rank him as yet among the greatest violinists of our time; but the day may come, for he is yet young, when, with increased experience, he may be able to claim that rank which certain of his too fervid admirers have already demanded should be granted to him.



Photo, Feinberg.

THE SVENGALI OF CONDUCTORS; SIGNOR GIUSEPPE CREATORE.

Signor Creatore, who is conducting his band at the Queen's Hall, created tremendous interest in America, where the magnetism of his methods caused him to be named "the Svengali of conductors." He directs everything from memory, and his musical knowledge is wide, ranging from Wagner to Berlioz and popular Italian operatic selections. He is thirty-four.

The Royal Choral Society gave a most excellent performance of Gounod's "The Redemption" on Ash Wednesday. There are many opinions which are irreconcilable on the subject of this particular composition; but everybody seems to agree that Gounod rather went beyond his tether in attempting an oratorio based upon so broad and wide a field. In his "Mors et Vita," which was written subsequently to "The Redemption," he came much more within the limits of his genius. The chief fault of "The Redemption" is that Gounod is not quite certain as to whether he should follow the old idea of Haydn or the then novel idea of Wagner. Hesitating between the two things, he naturally produced a work which was not exactly individual. Yet there are, of course, many charming passages in the work, particularly the quartet and chorus, "Beside the Cross Remaining," which contains that wonderful old melody assigned in the Roman Church to the "Stabat Mater," and the chorus which concludes the first part, "For us the Christ." The artists who took part in this interpretation were Miss Alice Lakin, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mr. John Coates, Mr. Dan Price, Mr. F. Randalow, and Miss E. Patching. The band was in every respect excellent, especially in the "March to Calvary." Sir Frederick Bridge, understanding his work thoroughly, relaxed no effort in obtaining a really successful result.

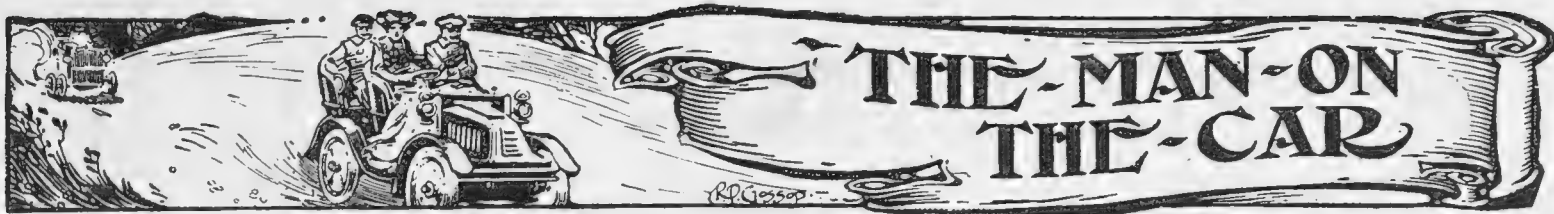
COMMON CHORD.



MISS ALICE MANDEVILLE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL ON MONDAY.

Miss Alice Mandeville, who is giving a recital on Monday evening next at the Bechstein Hall, and presenting a programme of more than ordinary interest, is a very promising singer who made her debut not quite two years ago. A pupil of Tosti, Henry Russell, Madame Camilla Landi and Madame Lumbroso, Miss Mandeville has met with considerable success at the Chappell Ballad Concerts, the Chamber Concerts at Leighton House, and in many provincial cities.





THE SMALL CAR AND SPECIALISATION—ENGLAND IN THE VAN—PUMPS NOT PROHIBITIVE—TYRES THAT WEAR WONDERFULLY—  
STEAM v. PETROL 'BUSES—GLOVED AND GAUNTLETED AGAINST THE BLAST.

WHILE the present demand for comparatively high-priced cars is not met by the combined home and foreign output, motor-car manufacturers are not likely to fash themselves with regard to the production of small, low-priced, low-powered cars. Indeed, the output of the small car, if its production is to prove a commercial success, can only be undertaken by manufacturers of the calibre of Argylls, Limited, who at present have their works going full strength and full time with more profitable matter. The manufacturers' profit on a small car in no wise compares with the returns on the larger fry, and if a retrospective glance is taken over the industry it will be noted that nearly every maker who has embarked in manufacture with a small, low-powered car has relinquished it in favour of medium or high-powered vehicles. To prove commercially successful the building of low priced, low-powered, but withal good, reliable small cars, suitable to the man of the most moderate means, will have to be strictly standardised and specially undertaken.

Curiously enough, and notwithstanding the remarks above, this country has done more towards the evolution of the small car—voiturette, if you prefer so to term it—than either France or Germany, and more reliable small cars can be purchased in England to-day than elsewhere. For instance, what has France to offer in small cars which can compete at the price with the Swift, Humber, Rover, Siddeley, and Star? I confess I looked long at the late Paris Show for anything that would yield a shadow of a comparison, and found it not. So good is the work put into these little English vehicles that I fear their makers do not find their production over-profitable. Specialisation on a large scale only can prove remunerative, and the sooner it is undertaken the sooner shall we see all the world and his wife a-motoring.

A very strong point is frequently made of the abolition of the water circulating pump and the substitution of a thermo-syphon system of water-travel for it. But granting that an intending car-purchaser has a certain car in his eye, is satisfied with its price, finish, and performances, he would be very foolish if he allowed himself to be put off his fancy by the fact that a pump was necessary to the efficient circulation of the cooling water through the cylinder jackets and radiator. The generally used centrifugal or paddle pump, if gear-driven (friction or chain drive is, as a rule, to be avoided, although Panhards still stick to it), gives no trouble from one year's end to the other, so long as it has a little intelligent attention in the matters of lubrication

and gland-packing from time to time. And it should not be forgotten that radiators can be much smaller and lighter, and a much less quantity of water carried, if a water-circulating pump be used.

I have just been shown a set of Dunlop non-skidding pneumatic tyres on a car which was lately sent on a demonstration journey from London to Southampton, and from Havre via Rouen, Bernay, Le Mans, Orléans, and the Paris-Marseilles road to Nice; in all, something over 1000 miles, plus half the return journey. The roads were very bad for half the trip, being heavy, muddy, and freshly stoned for long distances, while the car was driven up to its top notch for nearly eleven hours for the four and a half days it was on the southward run. Yet these tyres show nothing but a few superficial scratches, the mould marks round the cross-segmental cuts not being even worn off. Nowhere on any of these covers is there a cut a sixteenth of an inch deep. Truly, if Dunlop tyres are used, and section-fitted to weight, the motorist's tyre bill need prove no bogey.

It is ill prophesying unless one knows, but I fancy it is not too probable that the petrol-propelled omnibuses will keep the London streets. The old and new omnibus companies have been forced to adopt the petrol 'bus *faute de mieux*, but there are others: beside the writer who believe that steam has yet much to say in the question of the propulsion of self-propelled public-service vehicles. One would like to see more of the sweet-running Clarkson steam 'buses on the London streets. The one or two which use a Western route stop, start, and run considerably better than the petrol cars, and seem very seldom off the road.

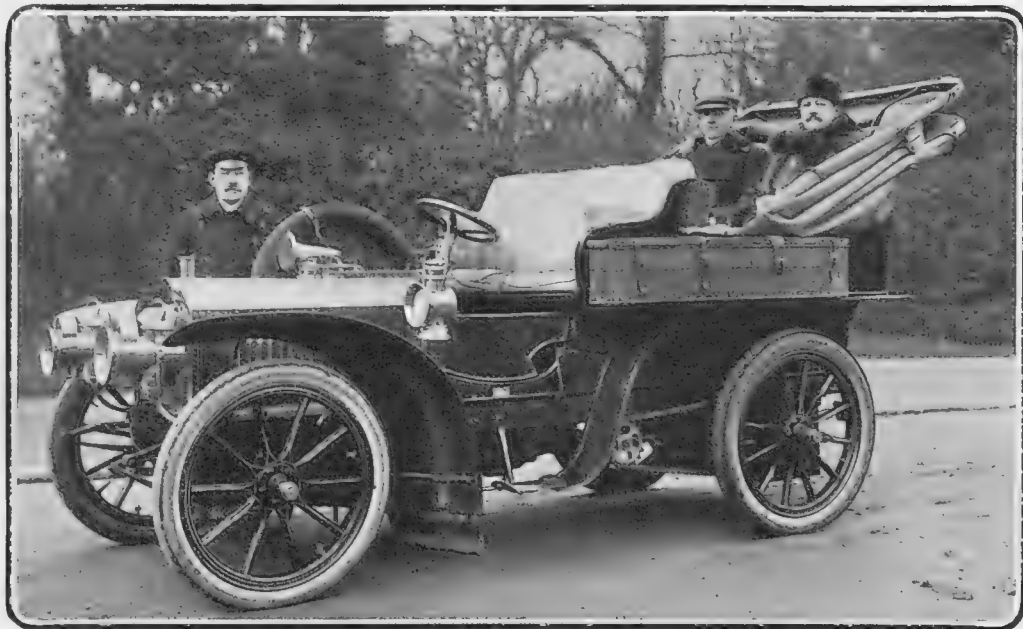
In discussing motor garments for winter driving, I have more than once insisted upon the provision of comfortably fitting wind-cuffs to the sleeves of the coat worn. Even then the piercing blast will find its way up the arm when the wheel is being manipulated, or the control-levers thereon, and there is nothing so depressing or dangerous as chilled arms. Therefore it is always well to have a pair of warmly lined deep-gauntleted gloves which can be donned whenever necessary. As a rule, however, the gauntlet portions are seldom made roomy or stiff enough, so that they sag down and admit the blast; but in this connection I learn with pleasure that Messrs. R. and J. Pullman, Limited, of 17, Greek Street, Soho, W., the well-known makers of the everlasting Pullman Non-Skid Bands, are about to make a glove with very roomy, mechanically stiffened gauntlets, which will more than meet the above objections.



A FAMOUS FRENCH MOTORIST AS A SUBJECT FOR THE SCULPTOR: MME. DU GAST.

Mme. Du Gast, who here figures as one of M. Théodore Rivière's statuettes, is already known to readers of "The Sketch" as a daring driver of motor-cars and an equally intrepid skipper of motor-boats. The costume in which she is here shown has been described by a French paper as at once elegant and practical. It will be remembered that the boat steered by Mme. du Gast at Monaco last year was christened by Canon Dumont, who were full canonicals for the occasion.

Mr. Harrison. Mr. Hawtrey.



MR. FREDERICK HARRISON AND MR. CHARLES HAWTREY ON THE FORMER'S MOTOR-CAR.

Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Charles Hawtrey share an ardent love for motoring, and are looking forward to many rides together. Mr. Harrison can boast that, with the exception of one journey to Paris and back, he has not been in a train for three years and a half. One of the longest rides he has taken in a day was from London to Bristol to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE GRAND NATIONAL—BUSY TRAINERS, THE HORSES UNDER THEIR CARE, AND THEIR PATRONS.

THE scratching of Kirkland from the Grand National revolutionised the situation with regard to that race, and now it can be said that Sir Charles Nugent is the dominating factor. It is not a little strange that three of the four candidates sheltered in the Cranborne stable are horses that have spent a considerable portion of their time "on the shelf." Two of them, Leinster and John M.P., are 'chasers of the brilliant order; and Drumcree, the other one, is more in the nature of a safe conveyance. The Grand National he won in 1903 was his fourth consecutive victory, after which he was beaten in a three-and-a-half-mile 'chase at Sandown, under the terrific weight of 13 st. 1 lb. The next season he was twice beaten over the same distance and course. Since then he has been in Ireland nursing a "knee." He is to reappear in public on March 16 at Kempton Park, and his doings will be watched with keen interest. Leinster, who has been "resting" for over twelve months, is a great jumper, but not quite so good as his own brother, Hidden Mystery, which Sir C. Nugent considered the best he ever saw.

Why it should be assumed that Leinster cannot stay the Grand National course is a matter for wonder, seeing that no doubts were entertained as to the ability of the unfortunate Hidden Mystery, who would assuredly have won the big 'chase but for being knocked over by the riderless Covert Hack. The third of the Cranborne treble, John M.P., came out, as all the world knows, like a giant refreshed from his long sequestration (which was caused by shelly feet), and his recent exploits must be especially gratifying to Sir Charles. Reference to the knocking down of Hidden Mystery naturally inclines one to thinking of Timothy Titus, about whose mishap last year much discussion has arisen. Whether he fell or was interfered with seems to be a matter of doubt; but the weight of evidence is on the side of interference. I have always had a liking for this horse since he won the National Hunt Steeplechase, and with a good jockey up I expect him to fight out the finish with The Gunner. This horse is in the best of hands, knows the course, and is fancied by all his connections, who are very keen on the National.

That trainers of racehorses are busy men a glance at the lists of horses in training published about this time of the year abundantly proves. But as there are degrees in everything, so are there with regard to the men who prepare thoroughbreds for their races. W. E. Elsey, at Baumber, has a stupendous string under his control; it contains no fewer than a hundred and two animals, belonging to

thirty owners, exclusive of himself. This genial and portly trainer, who looks much like a farmer, is a wizard with horses that are useless to any other man, as witness his triumphs with Catty Crag and Cyclades, to mention only a couple. Elsey, little old Tom Jennings, and Tom Cannon also possess the gift of being able to turn out clever jockeys. Yarnell, Wheatley, Anderson are splendid specimens, and there is Cockeram to come. Anderson has lately left for the Continent on a lucrative engagement. In point of numbers, the next two busiest men are R. Marsh (the King's

trainer) and W. G. Stevens, but their strings are small compared with that at Baumber, and number only fifty-nine. It must be something of a novelty for Stevens to have only one two-year-old, Despair, in training. The Hon. George Lambton has fifty-three horses under his control for four owners; and Hallick, the Lambourn giant, fifty-two, and no fewer than twenty-one patrons, who include the clever actor, Mr. G. P. Huntley. Perhaps Hallick would admit without much hesitation that the best "horse" in his stable is young Templeman, whose services are sure to be in great request, more especially now that the rule relating to apprentices has been altered. Another very busy man is R. Sherwood, who trains fifty horses for half-a-dozen owners. Sherwood's is a stable that will probably make an even bigger mark this season than last. It shelters plenty of good three-year-old Desmond stock, including Athi, Farasi, and Nairobi, and there are several promising two-year-olds by the same sire. Sherwood, indeed, starts the season full of hope. All racing men hope to see the fortunes of Kingsclere, which have

been at a low ebb for the last few years, turn under the superintendence of W. Waugh, who trains forty-six horses for six influential patrons, including Viscount Falmouth, the Earl of Coventry, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Waldorf Astor, junior. The young stock is highly spoken of. May Waugh revive the glories of the famous establishment of which he has recently taken charge! Other men with forty or more horses in training are Watson, who has written his name large in the history of the Brocklesby Stakes; M. Peacock, the famous trainer at equally famous Middleham; Major Edwards, A. Taylor, P. P. Gilpin (including, of course, the peerless Pretty Polly), J. Cannon, W. T. Robinson (who will attract much attention owing to the fact that Black Arrow is under his care), and G. Enoch, who superintends no fewer than thirty-nine unnamed two-year-olds belonging to Mr. Musker.

CAPTAIN COE.



THEY SNEER AT ME FOR LEANING ALL AWRY; WHAT!  
DID THE HAND, THEN, OF THE POTTER SHAKE?—Omar Khayyām.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AT the moment everybody in London seems to be looking for a decent cook, and everybody in London and beyond seems as far off as ever from finding that desired but apparently invisible quantity. Seeing this inevitable and melancholy fact, the question presents itself to the practical mind, Why cannot cooks be evolved

though out of the rush of modern mushroom growth, has managed to keep in a healthily flourishing condition by reason of its own industries and enterprises, chief among which is the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company. Remembering that artistic effects are the result of individual thought and taste, the head of the Company has wisely encouraged personal effort amongst his workers, with the result that, instead of carpets turned out by the million for the million without distinction or discrimination, we find in Abingdon such specialties in hand-loom production as the beautiful Windsor hand-made pile carpets, the Isis art rush-matting, the Arts and Crafts rugs, and the Royse carpets, each of which achieves the most unexpectedly original, altogether delightful appearance. The Isis matting, made of Thames rushes and brightly hued twines, is a worthy departure from the ordinary matting of commerce. The all-wool Royse carpets look strong enough to endure for ever. They are made in the many picturesque combinations of colour which characterise all the output of this ideal little colony of carpet-weavers, and it is pleasant to realise that so much artistic effort is successfully fostered in Abingdon as to make its name a synonym for all that is beautiful and durable in our native floor-coverings.

Luckily for the playgoer of to-day, his imagination is not put to much strain filling up gaps in the environment, and the gorgeousness with which a modern play is staged might indeed astonish worthy masters of ancient comedy. Shakspeare could hardly fail to feel



[Copyright.]

THE FASHION FOR EARLY SPRING.

from the raw material of the impecunious and unemployed and able-bodied genus "lady," which is everywhere so overpoweringly and superfluously in evidence? Here is a paying occupation simply waiting to be launched, and no one apparently to set the ball rolling. There ought to be guilds, classes, and training-schools in plenty for the purpose; yet so little is done to further the art of culinary perfection amongst the middle classes, while hundreds and thousands of girls who are now chafing at narrow means and restricted opportunities at home could be earning a very well-paid wage in return for their skilful labours. One supposes that that advertisement which appeared last week in a well-known daily was a genuine want. It ran "Cook General wanted; no objection to Chinaman, lady, or just a servant," the Celestial being given priority, with a "lady" as good second, and "just a servant" left as the miserable alternative. The need for skilled labour in the kitchen becomes ever a more pressing necessity, and the extraordinary lack of response in a community where girls are so plentiful and so poor is more than ever surprising to the domestic economist who sees the hour and the woman and also the turpitude thereof. Hundreds of rich people would willingly pay £40, £50, £60 and upwards to a highly trained and competent cook, while nursery governesses languish on £14 and £20 per annum. Yet simply for want of knowing better, girls will fall back on the latter state of underpaid servitude rather than take up the esteemed and highly considered position of chef. Surely it is time for a prophetic to arise and inaugurate the era of cultivated cooks in the British Islands.

When Abingdon was the capital of Berkshire the world was younger by some hundreds of years, but the quiet, old-world town,



[Copyright.]

THE NEW COAT.

pleasure at the Adelphi setting of his "Midsummer Night's Dream," for instance, though his wine needed little bush in olden days, when a notice to the effect that "This is a forest" or "This is a cathedral," pinned to the back of chair or screen, did duty of scenery.

In "The Alabaster Staircase" a genuine Queen Anne dining-room is brought back from the early eighteenth century to please





THE HEROINE OF THE GALLAY TRIAL:  
LA MERELLI.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")

of the stones, and, not least, the extraordinary beauty of their designs, place the Parisian Diamond Company on an artistic eminence which is shared by none, though imitated (at a very great distance) by many.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**VOYAGEUSE.**—Black-and-white checks are being exploited by French dressmakers for the spring. Yes, everything is imitated nowadays, so that cannot be avoided. The distinction lies in the style and outline, which are only obtainable from really good, and therefore expensive, dressmakers, whom the ambitious "young person" cannot reach. (2) Hooping cough has no romance about it, indeed, and is a very real ill, whether to adults or children. You should always keep a bottle of Roche's Herbal Embrocation in your medicine-chest. It is an infallible remedy, and relieves croup or bronchitis equally well and effectively.

**HOUSEWIFE.**—Servants will ever continue a burning question, but there are so many appliances nowadays to cover up their ineffectiveness. Take the matter of Lazenby's Soup Squares, for example—simple, inexpensive, and eminently satisfactory as they are. Each square costs 5½d., and makes clear, strong soup for four or five persons in a few minutes. The consolidation of soup effected in Lazenby's thirteen varieties is an achievement of immense value to the household. The quality of the soup is assured, coming from such a firm. All risk of failure, that *bête noire* of the small householder, is obviated, and the cost is a bagatelle. No one knowing of Lazenby's Soup Squares would ever willingly be without them. SYBIL.

The annual dinner of some of those who went through the famous siege of Ladysmith was held at the Hotel Cecil last week. It was well attended and proved a great success. Apropos, it may be mentioned that the Ladysmith Siege Club sent to Mr. Melton Prior, the veteran war-artist of our parent paper, *The Illustrated London News*, and to others, a card bearing fraternal greetings and good wishes on the sixth anniversary of the relief, a mark of remembrance not only of great interest, but exceedingly welcome to those who received it.

the eye and taste with its simple, formal outlines; while the Prime Minister's room in Downing Street is appropriately Victorian in all the dignified pomposity of mahogany and marone morocco. Oetzmann's, of Tottenham Court Road, have shown a very special sense of fitness in both arrangements.

All women yearn after diamonds; all women cannot afford them. Therefore all women should bestow on themselves the Parisian Diamond Company's jewels, which outvie the real thing and cost a fiftieth of its price—a brief sum in addition and subtraction which should result in a multiplication of the Parisian Diamond Company's productions among the truly wise. The lace-like delicacy of setting, the brilliance and pure colour

In Mr. James Geddes Currie, Depute-Commissary Clerk of Edinburgh, who died a few days ago, Scotland in particular and the legal world in general lost one of its greatest authorities on Commissary Law. Mr. Currie, who was seventy-two, was an official in the Commissary Office in Edinburgh for fifty years, and since 1873 he acted as Depute-Clerk in that department. From the very commencement of his career he devoted his abundant energy and ability to executory law, and, as a result, produced a volume, "Confirmation of Executries," a standard work. He was, in a word, a model Government official, whose loss will be deeply felt. In addition to his ordinary business, he found time to act as a director of the Edinburgh Savings Bank, and to take considerable interest in the affairs of Morningside United Free Church.



THE LATE MR. J. G. CURRIE, DEPUTE-COMMISSARY CLERK OF EDINBURGH.

On Saturday evening next the French season at the Royalty Theatre will be brought to a close, to the regret of the public to which it made its special appeal. None of the companies which have visited us have made a greater success than the one associated with

M. Galipaux, just as none of the other actors has enjoyed a greater personal triumph than he has. How great that success has been may be judged from the fact that it has been thought advisable to book him for a week at Manchester, and he and his comrades will open at the Midland Hotel Theatre on Monday night.

The Minister of Finance of the French Republic has conferred a signal honour on a well-known British firm, the Ardath Tobacco Company, of London, by appointing them to be purveyors to the French Tobacco Régie. The appointment is made on account of the excellence and unique qualities of the productions of the company.

The Great Northern Railway Company have issued a handy booklet giving full particulars of the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, racing fixtures, and agricultural shows during 1906. It is carefully compiled, and is a publication which will be extremely useful to all fanciers, agriculturists, horse and cattle dealers, sportsmen, &c. Copies may be obtained gratis on application to any Great Northern station or City office, or from the Chief Passenger Agent at King's Cross Station, London, N. The Company have also issued a card dealing with agricultural shows, which can be obtained from the Goods Manager, King's Cross Station, London, N.



BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S, 143, REGENT STREET, W.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 26.*

## HOME RAILWAYS.

HEROIC attempts to prove the present astounding cheapness of Home Railway stocks are not meeting with the notice that they merit. Only the bucket-shops that run stock against their clients are profiting by the depression. The market in the House is, on balance, rather on the side of stale bullism; it is only when prices are rising that we hear pretty tales of how short the market is of stock. But the fact of the matter is that people are afraid to buy anything just now. That miserable Moroccan Conference, the ramifications and subtleties of whose deliberations the average mind fails to comprehend, has thrown one blanket over all the investment departments, which the Kaffir Circus promptly covered with another. Connection between Home Railway stocks and the two causes for their depression, Moroccan and Kaffir, may not be patent at first sight, but it is established by sentimental reasons as regards the former cause, and financial as regards the latter, a good deal of Home Railway stock having been thrown overboard in the general liquidation that followed in the train of the Kaffir slump. One of the recent suicides is said to have had enormous bull accounts open in the Home Railway as well as the South African Markets, and there must be some rather heavy blocks of weak stock overhanging the present position. There is not much immediate chance for recovery in this market unless the Algeciras trouble lifts with unexpected rapidity.

## COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Within the next two or three weeks the dividend on James Nelsons should be declared, and the market has somewhat modified its earlier estimate, going now for 10 per cent. on the Ordinary instead of 30 per cent., at one time guessed. The Argentine Industrial and Land issues are showing signs of a return to public favour, after suffering a fairly lengthy season of neglect. It is noticeable that Bovril shares are a trifle lower now that they have been marked ex-dividend; the Deferred pay 8 per cent. on the money, and as a class of speculative investment shares, are not at all bad to buy. Lipton shares also display a tendency slightly downwards, but though the report of the amalgamation of the Company with the Home and Colonial Stores was emphatically denied a month or two back, the idea may not be altogether abandoned yet. We have heard nothing lately with reference to that rumoured working arrangement between Lyons and the Aerated Bread Company which was said to be in the air. A concern that must be looking round for salvation from one quarter or another is the British Westinghouse, the Preference shares in which have sunk to nearly £2. What will be the outcome of the present pitiable financial position of the Company it is impossible to say. Electric shares of all kinds are dull and depressed, especially those of the undertakings that supply the metropolis with current. Nor until the proposed Royal Commission upon the power schemes has presented its report can much return to animation be expected.

## SHOULD KAFFIRS BE BOUGHT NOW?

Many people who have noticed the great depreciation which has taken place in the value of South African mining shares in the last few months have been asking themselves and their friends if the time has not come when they may profitably go into the market and buy shares at what should be bed-rock prices. Only six months ago I ventured to deprecate in this paper the idea that we should see another "boom" in Kaffir shares, and it seems difficult to believe that only that short time ago such a notion should have been generally entertained. Prices, however, are now on a very different level, and, politics apart, would undoubtedly be attractive. While I should not care to advise anyone who is unfortunate enough to hold Kaffir shares bought at much higher prices than those now ruling to realise, I should be even more reluctant to recommend a purchase. I think that the best answer to the question which I have put at the head of this article may be given in a quotation from Lord Milner's speech in the House of Lords on Monday last. Speaking with a knowledge of recent South African events which must be unequalled in this country, his Lordship asked, "What is the position of the great industry of the Transvaal, the great industry of South Africa, as it has been left by the acts and the declarations of his Majesty's Government? I venture to say it is a position of the most complete, the most harassing, the most paralysing uncertainty. No business could possibly flourish under such conditions; and we have just got to face the fact that the economic development of the Transvaal is definitely stopped. The best we can hope is that things will not go back. There is no chance of their going forward until the menace at present hanging over the Colony is removed." This menace, of course, is that within a year the government of the Transvaal may probably, as the Government of the Orange River Colony will certainly, pass into the hands of the Boers. In other words this country, unmindful of the lessons of Majuba, proposes once more to trust to the magnanimity of those who a few years ago were in arms against them. It is impossible for anyone to say what view the new Transvaal

Government may take of the labour problem of the Rand, but it is quite certain that if Lord Milner's anticipations are realised, South African politics will revert to the conditions which existed before the Raid. Had a few more years been allowed to elapse before the granting of responsible government, and had the "great industry of South Africa" been fostered, a great British population would have been attracted to the Transvaal and the problems of self-government might have safely been left in their hands. As it is, the future is full of doubt and uncertainty, and only a belief in the ultimate good sense of the people of this country prevents one from contemplating it with despair. South African mining shares, then, are better left alone for the present. If they must have mines, people had better buy such shares as *Arizona Copper*, *Waihis*, *Mount Lyells*, *Broken Hill Proprietary*, or *Lancefields*.

March 3, 1906.

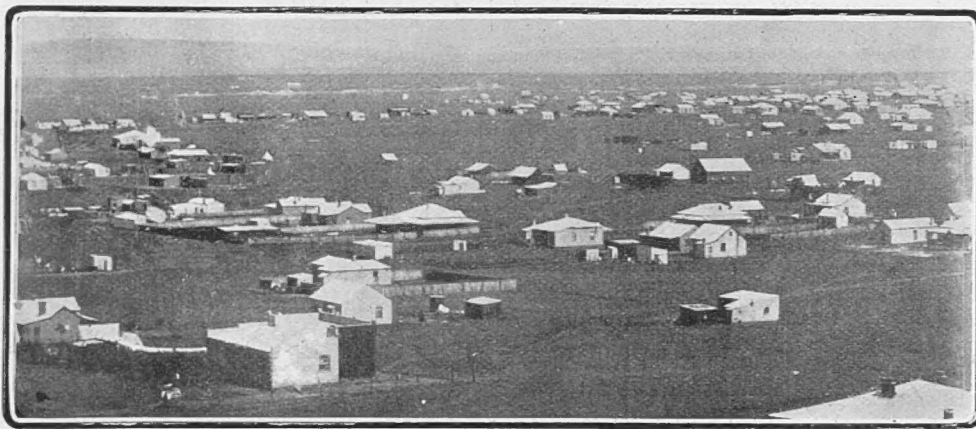
P.S.—The statutory meeting of the *Commonwealth Oil Corporation, Limited*, to which I have several times drawn your readers' attention, was held on Tuesday last. In the course of his remarks Sir George Newnes, M.P., the Chairman of the Company, stated that the whole of the large capital of the Corporation was subscribed without a single paragraph in any paper mentioning the name of it at all, simply upon its intrinsic merits, by those who were shrewd enough to find out what a great property had been acquired. He added that this was one of the very best enterprises with which he had ever been connected, and the shareholders would find that every month would increase the value of their shares. I understand that the special settlement of the shares, which are already at a large premium, will be applied for shortly.

## MEXICAN RAILS.

No department of the Stock markets has been so popular and so profitable during the last two years as that concerned with Foreign Railway stocks. Argentine, Chilean, Brazilian—in fact, nearly all South and Central American Railways have improved largely in value, and great attention is at the moment called to the issues of the Mexican Railway and of the Interoceanic Railway, which form competing lines between the city of Mexico and the sea. To-day all the talk is of an amalgamation, and there is no doubt a serious effort is being made in this direction. The matter is, we hear, in the hands of a well-known Anglo-American firm, who have a scheme already under discussion. The securities of both lines have appreciated very much of late, but the flourishing state of trade in the Republic, the freedom from all the vices of government which have proved the bane of most Spanish-American States, the establishment of the currency on a gold basis, and the steady flow of foreign capital into the country all point to an era of continued prosperity. We have heard a great deal of the "peaceful penetration" which France is so anxious to practise on Morocco, but our Yankee cousins, without any talk, have carried out this kind of policy in Mexico with astonishingly successful results during the last few years; and to the grip which they have got upon the country a large part of its wonderful prosperity is due. That some sort of amalgamation or fusion between the old Mexican Railway and the Interoceanic Company will be brought about within the near future there is little doubt; and this will necessitate a readjustment of the rates of interest now payable on some at least of the old lines' Preference stocks; it must also lead to a capitalisation of the arrears of cumulative dividend on the Preference shares of the Interoceanic line, and should, in our opinion, benefit the junior securities of both Railways considerably.

## SIMULTANEOUS BULL AND BEAR

Upon many occasions it has fallen to our lot to discuss the various propositions put forward by outside brokers for the accumulation of wealth by their clients. In bucket-shop circulars, to make money is always made to appear a delightfully easy operation, and the lay mind probably puzzles over the extraordinary philanthropy which allows the system-mongers to expose these royal paths to fortune-making instead of keeping such famous secrets for their own enrichment. And some of the systems are ingenious to the last degree. We have before us now a circular from some Birmingham outside stock and share dealers called Messrs. Barry, Hutton and Co. There are various points in the pamphlet that deserve quite a lot of consideration, but we will be content to take one only. The firm in question point out that "when stocks are affected by some disturbing cause that might send them up very high or down very low, a client may make a very handsome profit by simultaneously opening a buying and a selling account in the same stock." Comment on the grammar is no doubt needless, so we pass on to the example given—namely, Union Pacifics. He (the speculator) buys £1000 Union Pacifics at 3 per cent. margin and sells £1000 Union Pacifics at 3 per cent. margin. (We take it that our friends mean 50 shares, because there is no such thing as "£1000 Union Pacifics.") To continue quotation from the circular, assuming the Union Pacifics jump up 10 clear points, he makes a profit of £100 and loses the £30 margin on the selling account; or it may happen that the Union Pacifics fell (*sic*) 10 clear points, when he would still



JOHANNESBURG IN 1887 (1917).



make a profit of £100 and lose the margin of £30 on the buying account, leaving a net profit of £70. Clients are advised not to operate in this way with too slender a margin.

#### THE FALLACY OF IT.

Now this looks, on paper, a really brilliant idea, so brilliant that it is well to dissect it by a practical example. Supposing Unions to be 155: the gambler gives £30 (or is it £60?—we cannot quite make out) for the privilege of simultaneously buying and selling fifty shares at that price. The price rises three dollars to 158-158½, and we presume the cover for the selling operation has therefore run off. There being nothing left, only the payment of more cover can continue the option, surely? But say the operator pays £60, when the rise already mentioned has taken place, he is covered by £30. After a three-point rise, the betting is all in favour of a reaction. There are, of course, possibilities that a sustained rise may set in, but the chances are all against the gambler who pays the money. The system, like that of marginal investment, looks so beautifully beneficent on paper, that it seems almost a shame to cast doubts upon its profitability—to the outsider. Fools and their money are soon parted.

Saturday, March 3, 1906.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. K.—The Japanese bonds may go lower in a general slump, but appear cheap at present price. We are in the same case as yourself and have bought more to average. The Pekin shares are a speculation. Everything depends on the state of the country and the news from day to day as to anti-foreign riots and such-like matters.

BOSTON STUMP.—As to the South Africans see Q's note, which exactly expresses our ideas. The other companies are fair speculations, but the tea concern seems to us—without any special knowledge—a business on the down grade. We may be wrong.

CAROLUS.—The lady may buy the securities you suggest with a certainty as to income. In our opinion she would be quite safe if she spread her money over the following (1) United States Brewing Debentures (2) B.A. and Rosario Ordinary Stock (3) City of Mexico Bonds, and any balance in Rio Claro San Paulo shares. She will get over 5 per cent. in this way.

SCEPTIC.—No.

MRS. J. K.—Your letter was fully answered on the 2nd instant.

LIVERPOOL.—They plead the Gaming Act when they lose, as we know. Have no dealings. We have sent you the brokers' names, as requested.

IND.—A fool and his money are soon parted. We refuse to advise on how it is possible to deal successfully at such a distance.

A. S. JUN.—Your letter was answered on the 3rd instant.

BETA.—Many of the Colonial offices are all right. We should advise (1) The Australian Mutual Provident (2) The Colonial Mutual Life Assurance. Probably the offices mentioned by you are safe enough, but we know the ones we have named.

K.—Would you kindly say when we recommended the Dominion Railway, and what Mexican Railway stock you bought at 40½.

G. R. S.—Our paragraph referred to lottery bonds, not pure lotteries. There are a large number of municipal bonds dealt in, like City of Paris, where the interest is low and there are drawings for redemption at a profit. The pure lotteries are a different thing altogether. We believe they are, in the cases of Hamburg and Bremen, conducted honestly, but whether the touts who offer tickets sell genuine ones we do not know.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

What many sporting writers love to describe as "the movable feast of the National Hunt" takes place at Warwick this week, the whole proceedings now being crowded into one day. This meeting always attracts a large and fashionable company, and no better course than Warwick could have been chosen. The ordinary steeplechase course has been improved so that a better view from the stand will be obtained. The big event, the National Hunt Steeplechase, may be won by Glenrex, who ran second to Miss Clifden II. for this event last year. Mr. Hugh Owen may win the Juvenile Steeplechase with Vasari. A feature of these two races is that there are prizes for the first four horses.

Other selections are: Foxhunter's Plate, What a Beauty; Warwick Steeplechase, Royal Drake. At Hurst Park: Bushey Steeplechase, Wolf's Folly; Richmond Hurdle, Vandilo; Spring Hurdle, Abeland; Four and Five Year Old Steeplechase, Lord Cork; Novices' Hurdle, Fusilier; Hampton Hurdle, Sonnetta; New Century Steeplechase, Sachem; Open Steeplechase, John M.P.

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